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P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE
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MDCCCLXXXVII.

P O E M S

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

HENRY JAMES

IN TWO VOLUMES

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES

VOL. I

LONDON

PRINTED BY HODGKINS AND SONS, 25, ABchurch Lane, E.C. 4

MDCCCXCV

PR

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P83

T O V. 1

WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq.

S O N N E T.

MITFORD, the candid Critic of my
lays,

Who oft when wild my careless Muse would
sing

Smooth'd the rough note, and check'd her
vagrant wing,

Accept the humble gift she grateful pays;
Though now your thoughts to bolder heights
you raise,

By History's awful Goddess taught to bring
Celestial flowers from Freedom's hallow'd
Spring

To

To crown the Chiefs of GRECIA's happier
days,

Yet * how to harmonize the tuneful strain

Your voice has shewn AONIA's listening
throng;

Nor will you, though your nicer ear retain

What sounds to purest Melody belong,

This tribute from a ruder Bard disdain,

Proud to record your friendship in his song,

HENRY-JAMES PYE,
FARINGTON-HOUSE,
Dec. 18, 1786.

* See Essay upon the Harmony of Language, written
by Mr. Mitford, and published by Robson, in the year
1776.

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O D E
ON THE
DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

I.

O Sacred Muse! thy aid impart,
To rapture wake the founding lyre!

And kindle in my panting heart

A spark of more than mortal fire:

With votive hands the lay consign

To awful MAJESTY DIVINE,

On whom all life depends,

Whose glorious form we wondering trace

Through all the varied paths of space,

Far as our bounded sight extends.—

The search our dazzled reason leaves behind,
Exceeds all depth of thought, and mocks the human
mind.

II.

Whate'er on earth, in seas, or air,
Strikes with delight the roving eye,
Proclaims aloud the ETERNAL'S care,
And speaks a present DEITY;—
Those who with active pinions cleave
The yielding sky, the lucid wave
In countless myriads throng,
Or through the sylvan regions stray,—
The insect offspring of a day,
The echoing forest's vernal song,
More strongly than an angel's voice declare,
Where-e'er we turn our eyes, the God of Life is
there.

III.

Now beyond earth's contracted goal
On Contemplation's wings arise,
And mark the unnumber'd worlds that roll
Their orbs stupendous through the skies.—
My eye the splendid scene explores,
And now my active fancy soars;
To other suns, which far away
On distant systems pour the blaze of day,
Beyond where SATURN wheels his tedious flight
Around our chearing source of light.—
Forward in vain my restless thoughts I send,
They rush for ever on nor find an end,
On every side still open lie
The boundless fields of vast immensity.—
Could then my voice celestial numbers sing,
My hands strike rapture from the lyric string,

Yet would my heart those numbers deem
Unequal to the glorious theme ;
Unequal to exalt his holy name,
Whose awful presence guides the amazing frame ;
Who, of all nature's wide extent the soul,
Exists in every part, and animates the whole.

O D E

O D E

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I. 1.

THE fading beam of parting day

Forfakes the western sky,

Now shines DIANA's gentler ray

With virgin majesty;

Her face with milder glory bright

Illumes the dusky shades of night,

And brings the varied scene to view.

The glassy lake, and bubbling stream,

Again reflect the borrow'd beam,

And take a silver hue.

I. 2.

From the deep shade of yonder trees
 The screaming night-birds call,
 While floats on ZEPHYR's balmy breeze
 The distant waterfall:
 Sad PHILOMELA's warbling throat
 Pours to the moon her plaintive note
 And charms the lay-resounding grove,
 Where, trembling at the gentle gale,
 The verdant beech, and poplar pale,
 With rustling murmurs move.

I. 3.

What dreadful sounds arise?—
 These notes of rural music sink
 And shrill-ton'd clarions rend the skies;
 The air a voice of triumph cheers,
 And lo! a form divine appears
 On CHERWELL's sedgy brink.

His azure length of robe behind
Loosely wantons in the wind ;
Glowing like the vernal morning
Beams benign his eye-balls shed ;
CERES' wealth his brows adorning
Shades his venerable head.
Say heavenly vision what these notes portend ?
Sits white-wing'd Victory on BRITANNIA's arms ?
Does proud IBERIA to her legions bend,
Or flies the GAUL at GRANBY's dread alarms,
Or stalks on INDIA's sun-burn'd coasts afar
The force of conflict keen, and giant rage of war ?

II. 1.

‘ Far hence,’ he cried, ‘ the tumult’s roar
‘ To distant realms shall fly :
‘ Mirth revels now on ALBION’s shore
‘ With blythe festivity.

8 ODE ON THE BIRTH OF

- ‘ Ye Muses twine each fragrant flower
- ‘ To crown the day, to crown the hour,
- ‘ Which gave to GEORGE a blooming heir;
- ‘ Ye Guardians of this favor’d isle
- ‘ On this your future monarch smile,
- ‘ Ye Nymphs your wreaths prepare.

II. 2.

- ‘ Come happy child! delight the land
- ‘ Where time shall fix thy throne:
- ‘ O come, and take from Freedom’s hand
- ‘ A sceptre all her own:
- ‘ And when the sacred lore of truth
- ‘ Display’d, shall form thy ripening youth,
- ‘ May every joyful BRITON find
- ‘ The soul of GEORGE’S godlike race,
- ‘ With lovely CHARLOTTE’S softer grace,
- ‘ Attemper’d, in thy mind.

II. 3.

' For thee on AFRIC's sultry coast
 ' The BRITISH ensign proudly waves;
 ' For thee by distant tempests tost
 ' Our navies awe the GALLIC pride
 ' On every shore, whose hostile side
 ' The boundless Ocean laves.—
 ' With nobler skill, and fiercer fire,
 ' Strike the rapture-breathing lyre.—
 ' Hark!—from CAMBRIA's cloud-top'd mountains
 ' Music winds her stream along,
 ' As they flow the crystal fountains
 ' Listen to the jocund song,
 ' Lo radiant forms and glorious shades appear,
 ' Fair as the morn in saffron mantle dight;
 ' But strains divine ill suit the human ear,
 ' And fleeting visions mock the mortal sight.'—
 He said, and rushing from my wondering eyes,
 On volley'd lightening borne, he fought his native
 skies.

O D E
 T O
 L I B E R T Y.

O LIBERTY! celestial maid!
 Where has thy vagrant fancy stray'd?

Dost thou from ANDES' rifted brow

See boundless empires spread below,

See ORELLANA pour his stream

Through forests vast, where yet the beam

Of garish day could never come

To penetrate the twilight gloom?

Dost thou thy glowing bosom lave

In shining PLATA's sea-broad wave?

Or dost thou listen to the roar,

Where the collected waters pour

Their

Their dreadful course, and foaming sweep

Down NIAGARA's horrid sleep?

And shall thy form no more be seen

On ALBION's hills and pastures green?

Wilt thou no more PLINLIMMON scale,

Or sport in CLUYD's fertile dale?

Wilt thou IERNE's plains forsake,

And quit KILARNEY's lovely lake?

Shall we thy footsteps trace no more

On CALEDONIA's mountains hoar?—

Ah! nor proud DELPHI's rising glade,

Nor PISA's consecrated shade,

Nor PINDUS' mount, nor ACADEME,

Nor fam'd EUROTAS' trophied stream,

Could for an hour thy steps detain

When GRECIA bow'd to Vice's reign:

Nor could alas! the softest gale

That blows o'er rich CAMPANIA's vale,

Tempt thee to breathe the LATIAN air
When Luxury exulted there.
Far from bright PHŒBUS' genial light
Thy wings indignant shaped their flight
To SCANDANAVIA's frozen plain,
Eternal Winter's drear domain;
Where strong with toil each stubborn hord
Joyful thy holy form ador'd:
Though, where their tribes the earth o'er-ran,
Fell desolation led the van,
Though Horror midst their armies stood,
And drench'd their fatal paths with blood;
Yet theirs the unextinguish'd flame
That glows at Freedom's sacred name,
Theirs the firm breast that joys to bleed
For Independence' godlike meed.
But say, does ALBION hapless groan
Beneath a Tyrant's bloody throne?

Say,

Say, do her dauntless Patriots feel
The fatal ax, and torturing wheel?—
O'er her no cruel Tyrant reigns,
No patriot blood her scaffold stains,
'Tis Luxury's insidious hand
Spreading Corruption through the land;
'Tis Indolence whose powers controul
Each nobler purpose of the soul;
'Tis noisy Faction's selfish aim,
Disguis'd beneath thy specious name,
These are the fiends whose fatal rage
In every clime, and every age,
Have overturn'd each noble pile
Rear'd by thy hands with useless toil:
But where in hardship's rugged school
Mankind have learn'd themselves to rule,
Pale Slavery there may shake in vain
Her iron rod, and galling chain:

No force the fearless soul can bind,
 Or bow the unconquerable mind.
 Scorn'd is the Tyrant's harsh decree
 When inborn Virtue bids be free.

O D E

O D E

T O

B E A U T Y.

I.

ENCHANTING power! whose influence
blest

O'er Nature reigns with pleasing sway,
Whose mild command each gentler breast
Enraptur'd glories to obey :
O give my ravish'd sense to trace
In every form thy polish'd grace,
Whether thy footsteps deign to tread
The level of the enamel'd mead,

Whether

Whether thou joy'st to haunt the dale,
Or drink the mountain's ambient gale,
Or, with a more ambitious aim,
To animate the human frame,
Bid the bright eye resistless charm,
The snowy bosom swell, or shape the ivory arm.

II.

When at the ETERNAL's dread command
From Chaos rose this fabric fair,
He bade thy ornamenting hand
O'er all creation spread its care.
By thee was Earth's maternal breast
Involv'd in verdure's radiant vest,
Heaven's spacious arch thy tints embue
With the deep azure's dazzling hue,
O'er the bleak hill thy order bade
The forest spread luxuriant shade,

Thy

Thy fingers through the irriguous mead
The river's shining current lead
Till it's increasing waters gain
The unconfin'd expanse of Ocean's vast domain.

III.

Glow not a shrub with vivid bloom
Mid the recesses of the vale;
Sheds not a flower it's rich perfume
To scent the pinions of the gale;
Waves not a beech it's leafy bough
To shade the mountain's hoary brow;
Bends not an osier dank to lave
It's branches in the passing wave.
Down the rude cliff's tremendous side
Pours not a stream it's whitening tide,
Nor arch'd by silver poplars, cool
Spreads it's smooth breast the lucid pool,

But every MUSE shall read thy care,
Shall trace thy vagrant step, and mark thy pencil
there.

IV.

But in the lovely Virgin's eye
And polish'd form, and blooming face,
Thy fairest lustre we descry,
And gaze upon thy purest grace.
Ah say! can all the mingled flowers
Whose roseate leaves, the circling hours
On earth's green bosom lavish fling,
When genial Zephyr breathes the spring,
Please like the maid whose charms inspire
The glowing wish of young desire?
Though blush with varied dyes the trees,
Though sweets ambrosial load the breeze,
Flies every bloom, fades every green,
Till female Beauty deign to crown the enchanting
scene.

V.

Beneath the spicy forest's shade
The INDIAN breathes his amorous vow,
Where ice eternal binds the glade
Thy power the frozen ZEMBLIANS know;
For there thy beam with heavenly light
Has cheer'd the gloom of polar night.
Where to the Eunuch's servile care
Luxury commits the imprison'd fair,
There o'er the desolated plains
Stern Slavery unresisted reigns,
But where Love's gentle rights are known
Which mutual freedom gives alone,
There Courage dwells, ingenuous Shame,
And Virtue's holy meed, and Glory's ardent flame.

VI.

But though the smiling Landscape spread
It's richest views on every side,

Though waves each oak it's solemn head
In all the pomp of leafy pride :
What pleasure shall these scenes impart,
How soothe to rest the laboring heart,
If malice fell, or black despair,
Or keen remorse inhabit there ?
And say can all the charms that lie
In HEBE'S cheek, or HELEN'S eye,
Delight, if scorn, or cold disdain,
Or changes desultory reign,
Or Jealousy's tormenting sway,
Usurp the power of Love, or cloud his golden
ray.

VII.

'Tis in the conscious mind alone
That BEAUTY shews her purest beam,
There stands secure her lasting throne
Not idly borne on Fancy's stream :

Though

Though the rude blast, and wintry storm,
The blooming Landscape's charms deform,
Though withering time, or pale disease,
Bid the wan cheek no longer please,
Yet if within the feeling breast
Soft pity dwell a welcome guest,
If smiling Peace, and Meekness sweet,
And Constancy there fix their seat;
Then shall thy charms despise the rage
Of winter's dreary frown, and mock the force of
age.

O D E

T O

H A R M O N Y.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PHILIP HAYES,

AND PERFORMED IN THE MUSIC-SCHOOL AT OXFORD.

I.

IMMORTAL Harmony! thy heavenly strain
 Coeval grew with sea, and earth, and skies.—
 What time from chaos' rude primeval reign
 The Almighty Fiat bade creation rise,
 The angelic host around applauding flood,
 And loud their golden lyres proclaim'd that all
 was good.—

Those

• Those sacred lays whose voice sublime
High heaven's eternal mansions hear,
Amid the transient lapse of time
Shall never meet the human ear,
Till, torn the veil of flesh away,
Stand to the soul confess'd the realms of endless
day.

II.

Yet streams from that immortal source,
Were not to mortal sense denied,
On ISRAEL'S race with swelling force
Unbounded rush'd the sacred tide:
JUDEA'S palmy groves around
Re-echo to the hallow'd found.—
Now to the harp's responsive strings
His plaintive hymn JESSIDES sings,
Now with exulting rapture glows
O'er dread JEHOVAH'S prostrate foes,

ISAIAH now with fiercer fire
Strikes loud the bold prophetic wire,
And treads, or seems in act to tread,
O'er proud ASSYRIA'S vanquish'd head.
While now the lay pathetic thrills
By BABEL'S willow-border'd rills,
As from JUDEA'S captive train
The victor's taunting voice demands the choral
strain.

III.

But hark!—what lays enchanting sound
Unroots the forest from the ground?
By the persuasive powers subdu'd
Charm'd from the prey the savage brood
Attentive listen round.—
'Tis he, the first of GRECIA'S choir,
'Tis ORPHEUS strikes the living lyre!

And

And see ALCÆUS' sterner hand
Appals pale slavery's trembling band,
See rapid PINDAR loofely flings
His fingers o'er the warbling strings,
While, as the drama's potent art
Or melts or terrifies the heart,
More sighs arise, more sorrows flow,
As Music's aiding hand strikes deep the shafts of
woe.

IV.

Nor yet amid the wreck of time
The rapturous powers are lost:
Soft breathe her airs on every clime,
And visit every coast.——

What though HESPERIA's funnier day
Now boast to wake the sweetest lay;
Yet sure, if ere the throbbing breast
Sweet Music's native voice confess'd,

To

To the soft measures that proceed
From CALEDONIA's northern reed,
No feeling bosom shall deny
The genuine claim of Melody.

V.

Though wild caprice with frantic hand
Awhile may seize the sacred lyre,
While folly's sons applauding stand
To hear her strike the wire:
O ALBION! as thy polish'd ear
Will none but classic numbers hear,
So let thy voice propitious own
Those thrilling notes that strike the heart alone.
Whether the soft melodious lay
In simple measures flow,
Now warbling elegantly gay,
Now tuned to placid woe.

Or

Or Harmony with choral song,
Pour her impetuous stream along,
While loud the swelling strains of rapture roll,
O'ercome the captive sense, and shake the astonish'd
soul.

Sent to DR. HAYES, with the ODE
to HARMONY.

AS Man's dull form inert and silent lay,
A senseless heap of unenliven'd clay,
Till bold PROMETHEUS with ethereal flame
Rous'd into life the animated frame,
So shall my torpid verse a charm acquire
From the bright touch of thy harmonious fire;
To these mute lays the voice of Music give,
And by thy Genius bid my numbers live,
Amid thy verdant bays this flow'ret twine,
And make immortal, verse as mean as mine."

VERSES

VERSES addressed to a LADY.

OF toil you say a moderate share
 In each pursuit should rise,
 Too much may make our hearts despair,
 Too little we despise :

In every common case I own
 The justness of the thought,
 A fly may be too quickly won,
 The world too dearly bought.

Not so in Love ; his charms depend
 Upon himself alone,
 No foreign circumstance can lend
 A lustre to his throne :

30 VERSES ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

Though gain'd without one care, his joys

High-valued must remain,

Are cheaply purchas'd when the prize

Of Industry and care.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

O Love, though VIRGIL's lays ascribe
 Resistless power to thee,

Yet still I thought the happy tribe

Of Dulness, ever free;

Potent I deem'd her ample shield

Her favorite sons to save,

Though to thy soft dominion yield

The virtuous, wife, and brave:

But since I see, thy votary grown,

Even PARIDEL obey,

I find myself compell'd to own

Thy universal sway.

Written on a L A D Y's F A N.

IN ancient times when like LA MANCHA's Knight
 The adventurous Hero sallied forth to fight,
 Some sage Magician famous in Romance
 Supplied the Warrior with a wonderous lance,
 With which through adverse troops he forced his
 way,
 And won from giant hosts the doubtful day.
 But I more fatal arms to you impart,
 By VENUS forged to wound the human heart :
 This Weapon placed in your victorious hand
 No cunning shall elude, no force withstand,
 Nor shall the brave resist, or coward fly,
 But all Mankind submit, adore, or die.

S O N G.

S O N G.

FAIR DELIA while each fighting swain,
 Whose heart your charms adores,
 Fills with his tender vows the plain,
 And favoring smiles implores :

My Wishes varying from the rest
 Demand a different boon,
 And only ask this one request,
 The mercy of a frown.

Ah! far from me those witching smiles
 Those languid eyes remove,
 Whose charms my senses might surprise,
 And tempt my heart to Love ;

The chilling frowns of cold disdain

I'll patiently endure,

Content to bear a transient pain

My freedom to secure.

S O N G.

THE flowers of the Spring that enamel the
vale,

Give their dyes to the meadows, their sweets to the
gale,

From the sun-beam, the shower, and the soft-falling
dew

Receive all their treasures of odour, and hue.

When Winter extends his tyrannical reign,

Fades every gay blossom that painted the plain,

And all the bright offspring of sunshine and
showers

Shrink up at the blast of DECEMBER's stern hours,

Though Love's gentle power can more sweetness
disclose

Than the violet or woodbine, the jasmine or rose,
Yet none of them holds so precarious perfume,
A texture so tender, so fleeting a bloom.

All it's sweetness it draws like the Daughters of MAY
From Pity's soft dew, and from Kindness' mild ray,
Like them it will shrink from the frost of Disdain,
But never like them will it blossom again.

S O N G.

LET no Shepherd sing to me
 The stupid praise of Constancy,
 Nature bids her subjects range,
 All creation's full of change,
 See the varying hours display
 Morning, Evening, Night, and Day,
 See the circling seasons bring
 Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring.

Shall the river's current full
 Idly sleep a stagnate pool,
 Shall the pedant's mandate bind
 The rapid wave, the fleeting wind.

Thus I sung when CHLOE's eyes
 Made my vanquish'd heart their prize,
 Where's my passion now to range,
 Love of Freedom, love of Change.

Still my breast retains it's views,
 Still variety pursues,
 Happy in one Nymph to find
 Every charm of Womankind.

THE

THE

S N O W - D R O P.

HA I L earliest of the opening flowers!

Fair Harbinger of vernal hours!

Who dar'st unveil each filken fold

Ere Sol dispels the wintry cold,

And with thy silver leaves display'd

Spread lustre through the dreary glade.—

What though no fragrance like the rose

Tincturing the ZEPHYR as it blows,

Thy humble flowers from earth exhale

To scent the pinions of the gale;

What though no hues of gaudy dye

Strike with their dazzling charms the eye,

Nor does thy sober foliage shew
Each blended tint of IRIS' bow;
Yet in thy meek unfullied grace
Imagination's eye shall trace
The glowing blossoms that appear
Proudly to paint the vernal year,
And smiling MAIA's blushing dyes,
And jocund Summer's cloudless skies,
And Autumn's labors which succeed
To bid the purple vintage bleed,
Our hopes anticipating see
Led on in radiant train by thee.

Written

Written in the Year 1779, when the COMBINED
FLEETS were off PLYMOUTH.

WHEN the keen axe remorseless laid
The woods of EDGECOMBE low,

Left now their leafy skreen should aid

The approaches of the foe;

Astonish'd from their dark retreats

The frantic DRYADS rove,

And Echo shrieks of woe repeats

Through all the wasted grove:

‘ Must we,’ they cry, ‘ so long who dwelt

‘ On this wave-cinctur’d steep,

‘ Who each rude blast unshrinking felt

‘ That heaves the ATLANTIC deep,

‘ Must

‘ Must we forsake these solemn shades

‘ To distant regions driven,

‘ Or view expos’d our forest glades

‘ To every beam of heaven?—

‘ But ah! what horrid scenes are these!—

‘ Lo BOURBON’s hostile train

‘ Here spread their canvas to the breeze,

‘ And darken half the main:

‘ BRITANNIA’s bloody crosses no more

‘ Aloft triumphant flies,

‘ For see by this insulted shore

‘ The GALLIC lilies rise!

‘ Speed then, oh speed your eager toil!

‘ And on this lofty steep

‘ Tear every sapling from the soil

‘ And launch them on the deep.

- ‘ To you we sifters of the wood
‘ At once our charge resign,
‘ Ye sea-green daughters of the flood,
‘ Old OCEAN’S NEREID line.
‘ So shall they to this threaten’d place
‘ A barrier firm extend,
‘ And shores their shade was wont to grace,
‘ Their thunder shall defend.’

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

O N

CHARLES D'AUSSEY, ESQUIRE,
IN HOLY-ROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Pomp, when Wealth, when Great-
ness sink to dust,
Though Vanity adorn the splendid bust,
Sincerer drops of tributary woe
O'er the lone urn of modest Merit flow.
And tears as true as e'er embalm'd the dead
Shall D'AUSSEY! o'er thy humble tomb be shed,
For though thy frugal temper ne'er supplied
The selfish calls of Luxury and Pride,
Yet Pity's gentle voice thy heart pursu'd,
And felt the Luxury of doing good,
While Want reliev'd by silent bounties given,
Wafts with her grateful prayers thy soul to heaven.

Sent

Sent to MR. HAYLEY, on reading his
EPISTLES on EPIC POETRY.

WHAT blooming garlands shall the Muses
twine,

What verdant laurels weave, what flowers combine,
To crown their favorite Son whose generous heart
Has check'd the arrogance of Critic Art,
And shewn that still in their exhaustless mine
The purest gems of radiant Genius shine,
To grace the venturous Poets who explore
The unshun'd treasures of their sacred store?

Nor this the Syren note of flattering praise,
Or the fond tribute partial friendship pays;

A voice unknown to fame, to thee unknown,
 But wak'd by thy superior worth alone,
 Attempts, perhaps with too officious zeal,
 Thy thoughts awhile from higher cares to steal,
 And in presumptuous numbers dares essay
 To hail the glories of thy matchless lay.

O fairest hope of BRITAIN'S tuneful Choir!
 Why yield to other hands the Epic Wire?
 Say who of all her Bards like thee shall swell
 To strains of extasy th' Heroic shell?
 When the long series of connecting rhyme
 Denies the raptur'd flight or march sublime
 Who shall the interval so well beguile
 With each rich ornament of polish'd style?
 Who o'er the thrilling heart such forms shall throw
 Of frantic horror, or pathetic woe?

Or when the notes from Freedom's clarion blown
 Chill the pale Despot on his trembling throne,
 What manly son of BRITAIN'S warbling throng
 Shall join the PEAN with so bold a song?
 And if inventive Fancy love to stray
 'Mid the wild tracts of Fiction's faery way,
 Say who shall mate those magic powers that
 stole

The nightly vision o'er SERENA'S soul?

Then let, illustrious Bard!—though rude her
 voice,

A MUSE of humble mien divert thy choice.—

With timid hand snatch no reflected grace

From the sweet * Maniac of HESPERIAN race.

Since Genius' keenest rays thy bosom fire

O strike with native force the BRITISH Lyre,

* Dante.

That, while such virtuous chiefs adorn thy strain
As GREECE and ROME shall emulate in vain,
ALBION may consecrate thy deathless name,
And found her Epic pride on HAYLEY's fame.

Mr.

MR. HAYLEY'S ANSWER.

ἄμειβε

Χρύσεια χαλκείων, ἱκατόμβοι ἰννεαβόων. HOMER.

TO FARINGDON'S illustrious Hill
On which PARNASSIAN dew distil

Ye southern MUSES bend,

And there salute with proud acclaim

In him who gave that Hill to fame

The Poet and the Friend:

Tell him in his applauding voice

Your EARTHAM'S echoing groves rejoice,

And with new pride expand,

Tell him his gifts your votary cheer,

For laurel wreaths are doubly dear

From a fraternal hand.

Eartham, August 9, 1782.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1761.

O HAPPINESS! thou wish of every mind,
 Whose form, more subtle than the fleeting
 air,

Leaves all thy votaries wandering far behind,

Eludes their search, and mocks their anxious care

What distant region holds thy fair retreat,

Where no keen look thy footsteps may surprize?

In what lone desert hast thou fix'd thy seat,

Far from the curious search of mortal eyes?

Amid

Amid the jocund race, say, art thou found,
Who pass in mirth the dreary hours of night;
Or in the dance with pliant sinews bound,
Till fades the taper at AURORA's light?

Ah no! when Reason reassumes her sway,
And the tamed blood in calmer current flows,
These joys, like fairy-visions, melt away,
And leave the bosom press'd with serious woes.

Or, dost Thou dwell with regal pomp and power,
Rever'd and honor'd by the wise and great?
Ten thousand cares on scepter'd splendor lower,
And bend the weary monarch with their weight.

Or, shall we seek Thee through the ranks of war,
Where bold Ambition leads her daring train;
While the shrill clarion, sounding from afar,
Calls the slow warrior to the purple plain?

Alas not there!—though conquest grace his sword,
Though proudly wave his banners in the air,
By legions guarded, the victorious Lord
Shall find no arms to shield his heart from care.

Dost Thou reside in the gay youth's fond breast,
Who bends obedient to the power of love;
Who, by the fair one he adores carefs'd,
May all the joys of mutual transport prove?—

With passion fraught, though smiling now serene,
In soft endearments flow each tender hour;
Too soon, alas! must change the blissful scene,
When time's cold blast shall blow on beauty's
flower.

And oft, amid the blooming days of youth,
Inconstancy asserts her fickle reign;
Or pale-ey'd Jealousy, with venom'd tooth,
Cankers the golden links of Hymen's chain.

All calm and safe the tide of love appears,
The youthful poet's ever darling theme;
The venturous pilot there no quicksands fears,
But launches boldly down the flattering stream,
Till on his bark the warring surges break,
And every billow seems to threaten fate:
The voice of Prudence then begins to speak,
But ah, the voice of Prudence speaks too late!

Is bliss sincere then no where to be found,
The vain creation of the Enthusiast's mind?
Or, if she deign to dwell on mortal ground,
Where may we hope her fair abode to find?
The sweets of pleasure, and the pomp of power,
In Luxury's enchanting semblance dress'd,
She flights with deepest scorn; nor will reside
But in the precincts of the virtuous breast.

The virtuous breast, in conscious honour bold,
Will want and pain and death itself despise:
Will from each trying woe, like heated gold,
With greater splendor, greater merit rise.

There she has ever fix'd her firmest throne;
There scorn'd the bolts by rage and malice hurl'd;
And, found by wisdom, and by worth alone,
Mock'd the vain labors of a vicious world.

ELEGY

E L E G Y II.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1762.

NOW the brown woods their leafy load resign
And rage the tempests with resistless force?

Mantled with snow the silver mountains shine,
And icy fetters chain the rivulet's course.

No pleasing object charms our wearied view,

No waving verdure decks the dreary glade,
Save that o'er yonder tomb the mournful yew
Projects an awful solitary shade.

Short is the Spring, and short the Summer hour,

And short the time that fruitful Autumn reigns ;
But tedious roll the days when Winter's power
Asserts it's empire o'er our wasted plains.

As swiftly wears our Spring of life away,
As swiftly will our jolly Summer go;
But, ah! when Winter clouds our chearless day,
Again the vernal breezes never blow!

Mark this, and boast your fancied worth no more,
Ye great, ye proud, ye learned, and ye brave!
With hasty lapse some circling years are o'er,
And lo, ye slumber in the silent grave!

Why views the fage fair Pleasure's transient charm,
And all her votaries gay with scowling eye?
Alike he stoops to Fate's superior arm,—
Alike he suffers, and alike must die!

Say, what avails it then with brow severe
The filken bands of Luxury to despise;
To bring by thought the day of horror near,
And view the tempest ere the clouds arise?

Better

Better with laughing nymphs in revels gay
To give the hours to VENUS, wine, and song;
And, since the rapid moments never stay,
To catch some pleasures as they glide along.

Deluded man! whom empty sounds beguile,
What transports here await thy anxious soul?
Know, love abhors the venal harlot's smile,
And hell-born fury rages in the bowl.

Seek Virtue to be blest; but seek her far,
Far from those gloomy sons of letter'd pride,
Who 'gainst the passions wage eternal war,
And, foes to Nature, Nature's dictates chide.

Let mirth, not madness, crown the temperate feast;
Let love and beauty joys refin'd impart:
Though mere sensation charm the groveling breast,
'Tis mutual passion fires the generous heart.

The

The various blessings bounteous Heaven bestows
With gratitude and charity repay,
Relieve thy suffering friend, or share his woes,
But from his failings turn thine eyes away.

So, when the wintry storms of death are past,
In brighter skies, and ether more serene,
Thy wither'd boughs shall bud again, to last
For ever blooming, and for ever green.

ELEGY

E L E G Y . III.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

TH E dewy morn her saffron mantle spreads
High o'er the brow of yonder eastern hill;
Each blooming shrub a roseate fragrance sheds,
And the brisk sky-lark sings his carol shrill.

Not all the sweets that scent the morning air,
Not all the dyes that paint the vernal year,
Can from my breast divert it's weighty care,
Can from my pale cheeks charm the trickling tear.

Here, where the willows to the rivulet bend,
That winds it's channel thro' the enamell'd mead,
I'll o'er the turf my waning form extend,
And rest on sedges dank my listless head.

In

In vain the stream o'er pebbles glide along,
And murmurs sweetly-lulling as it flows;
In vain the flock-dove chaunts her gurgling song,
Inviting slumber soft and calm repose.

How at the fragrant hour of rising morn
Would eager transport throb in ev'ry vein,
To hear the swelling shout and jocund horn
Invite the hunter to the sportive plain!

But, ah, the gay delights of youth are fled!—

In sighs and tears my fading life I wear;
So the pale lily hangs its drooping head,
When frosts untimely blast the opening year.

Philosophy, thou guardian of the heart,
O come in all thy rigid virtue dress'd!
With manly precept ease my killing smart,
And drive this tyrant from my wounded breast.

Oft

Oft would my eyes, disdaining balmy sleep,
The awful labors of thy sons explore,
Fathom with restless toil each maxim deep,
And hang incessant o'er the sacred lore:

Alas! oppos'd to love how weak, how frail
Is all the reasoning of the unfeeling sage!
No forceful arm can o'er his power prevail,
No lenient hand the wounds he gives assuage.

Yes, tyrant, yes; thou must retain thy power,
Till my torn bosom yields to stronger Death:
Still must I love, even in that fatal hour,
And call on DELIA with my latest breath.

And when all pale my lifeless limbs extend,
And fate has seal'd the irrevocable doom,
May then my memory find a faithful friend,
To write these votive numbers on my tomb:

Here

- ‘ Here rests a youth, who Love and Sorrow’s slave,
‘ Gave up his early life to pining care,
‘ Till worn with woe he fought, in this calm grave,
‘ A safe retreat from comfortless Despair.’

So, when the stone lays o’er my clay-cold head,
If chance fair DELIA to the place draw near,
With one sad sigh she may lament me dead,
And bathe the senseless marble with a tear.

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 1, 1763,

WHEN the still Night withdrew her sable
 shroud,

And left those climes with steps sedate and flow;
While sad AURORA, kerchief'd in a cloud,

With drizzly vapours hung the mountain's brow;

The wretched bird, from hapless PERDIX sprung,

With trembling wings forsook the furrow'd plain,

And, calling round her all her listening young,

In faltering accents sung this plaintive strain:

‘ Unwelcome morn! too well thy lowering mien

‘ Foretels the slaughters of the approaching day;

‘ The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene,

‘ Where rage and terror reassume their sway.

- ‘ Ah, luckless train! ah, fate-devoted race!
- ‘ The dreadful tale experience tells believe;
- ‘ Dark heavy mists obscure the morning’s face,
- ‘ But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.
- ‘ This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate
- ‘ No grief can soften, and no tears assuage,
- ‘ Pours dire destruction on the feather’d state,
- ‘ While pride and rapine urge his savage rage.
- ‘ I, who so oft have ’scap’d the impending snare,
- ‘ Ere night arrives, may feel the fiery wound;
- ‘ In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
- ‘ And stain with streaming gore the dewy ground.’

She said, when lo! the pointer winds his prey,

The rustling stubble gives the fear’d alarm,

The gunner views the covey fleet away,

And rears the unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies;
Her scatter'd offspring swim before her sight,
And, bath'd in blood, she flutters, pants, and
dies.

E L E G Y V.

WRITTEN JUNE, 1764.

T H E E, sad MELPOMENE, I once again
 Invoke, nor ask the idly plaintive verse:

Quit the light reed for sorrow's sober strain,
 And hang thy flowerets on my DELIA's herse.

Oft by yon silver fountain's sedgy side,
 Or through the twilight shade I us'd to rove,
 Have sung her beauties to the listening tide,
 And fill'd with notes like these the echoing grove:

' Ye fragrant roses, bow your blooming heads;
 ' For can your sweetness with her breath compare?
 ' Ye envious lilies, wither in your beds,
 ' For is your boasted whiteness half so fair?'

Vain

Vain was the lay ; for O ! heart-breaking thought !

Those heavenly features ne'er again must charm,
That form divine, with each perfection fraught,
Is struck by Fate's inexorable arm.

Thus far, O Death, thy cruel reign extends !

Before thy fickle falls each blushing flower ;
But Virtue on ethereal wings ascends,
And smiles disdainful on thy boasted power.

Guided by her—(for Virtue's sacred lore

Was ever dear to DELIA's gentle breast)
She to the endless realms of peace shall soar,
The sacred mansions of eternal rest.

Nor these the wreaths that love and fancy twine

Around the tomb, where rests some flatter'd maid ;
But honors, due to merit's hallow'd shrine,
By faithful truth with unfeign'd sorrow paid.

The smallest gleam of hope I ne'er could boast;
And raptur'd love in that dire moment fled,
Which shew'd my dearest wish for ever lost,
Which gave my DELIA to a rival's bed.

Yet shall thy memory, dear departed shade,
In this sad breast a place for ever find;
For in thy form each beauty was display'd,
' To charm the senses, and to fix the mind.'

O! were I skill'd the immortal note to raise,
And down the stream of time to waft thy name!
Then would I sing thy worth in matchless lays,
Bright as thine eyes, and spotless as thy fame.

But, though the Muse such arduous flights denies,
Nor bids with fire divine my fancy glow,
These plaintive numbers nobler truth supplies,
The artless voice of unaffected woe.

E L E G Y VI.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1766.

NOW has bright SOL fulfill'd his circling
course,

Again to TAURUS roll'd his burning car,
Since, cruel Prudence, thy resistless force
Tore me from happiness and CYNTHIA far.

How did I then, or pensively complain,
Or in the maniac's frantic accents rave!
How often vow to prove resistance vain,
And, spite of prudence, live my CYNTHIA's slave!

Her much-lov'd form did every thought employ;
My daily with she was, and nightly dream;
My aking bosom hop'd no dearer joy;
My raptur'd fancy own'd no nobler theme.

No more I wish'd, where Isis' clear waves flow,
To pluck fresh laurels from the muse's shade :
I long'd to climb the CAMBRIAN mountain's brow,
Since CAMBRIA's mountain shid my favorite maid.

In vain from cruel love's tyrannic reign
To friendship and to wisdom I appeal ;
For such my sufferings, that the amorous pain
Nor wisdom could assuage, nor friendship heal.

Now three revolving moons had roll'd away,
Still faded sorrow bent my drooping head ;
In slothful rest my nobler passions lay,
Each fire extinguish'd, and each virtue dead :

When forced to seek a more laborious field,
And mingle chearful with a social train,
To toil and mirth those woes began to yield,
Which thought and care had combated in vain.

In

In other scenes I now delight could find,
And, far from CYNTHIA, found my heart at rest;
Till love at length the dubious strife declin'd,
And reason fix'd her empire in my breast.

Then, as by sacred truth's unflattering light,
I saw the follies of my former flame,
I turn'd indignant from the hateful sight,
Struck with remorse, and mortified with shame.

I found imagination's magic wand
Had all my CYNTHIA's dazzling charms supplied,
And love, misjudging love, with partial hand,
Had given those beauties nature's touch denied.

A visionary shape my Fancy drew,
In the fair form each polish'd grace display'd;
Then like the fabled artist amorous grew,
And lov'd the image which itself had made.

E L E G Y VII.

ADDRESSED TO A PINE-TREE.

WRITTEN MAY, 1766.

THE ruffian North has spent his savage power,
 Collects his winds, and quits the moun-
 tain's side;

And AUSTER mild, with many a genial shower,
 Renews the laughing meadow's grassy pride.

The active swallow wings her rapid flight

In sportive circles through the ether bland,
 And in luxuriant foliage proudly dight

The verdant fathers of the forest stand.

No more beneath thy hospitable shade

The shepherd swains their amorous descant sing,
Each wanders forth amid the blooming glade
To hail the new-blown daughters of the spring.

Yet, while yon elms, who now so gaily spread

Their leafy honors to the vernal gale,
Stood naked to the wintry winds, that shed
Their scatter'd glories o'er the wasted vale;

Thy limbs alone, of all the dreary wood,

Could brave the snowy drift, and chilling blast;
Against the mingled storm uninjur'd stood,
And mock'd the howling tempest as it past.

For this, while all the jocund swains around

The blooming season praise with youthful glee,
I'll teach the nodding coverts to resound
A verse that's due to gratitude and thee.

I'll rove, where opening flowers their sweets combine,
Where blossoms fair their varied odours breathe;
Then with assiduous hand a garland twine,
And on thy branches hang the votive wreath.

So, while in honor of the smiling year,
Echoes each hollow dale and every grove,
Thy venerable shade a lay shall hear,
Sacred to friendship firm and constant love.

ELEGY

E L E G Y VIII.

WRITTEN AT MINSTED IN THE NEW FOREST
AUGUST 24, 1767.

O Rising Sun! on this auspicious day
With brighter beams gild every hill and
grove;

Ye feather'd songsters, breathe a sweeter lay!
And fill the echoing woods with joy and love.

And, honor'd MINSTED, in thy green retreats

Let every tree a prouder foliage wear!

Let every floweret scatter livelier sweets,

And vernal perfumes scent the autumnal year!

Now has the Sun one annual circuit past,

Since in thy happy shades these longing arms

Receiv'd the choicest blessings man could taste,

MARIA'S virtues, and MARIA'S charms!

Yet

Yet witness every lawn, and every shade!

So dear a bliss my bosom could not know,
When to my breast I clasp'd the yielding maid,
As now her wedded fondness can bestow.

Let other youths, by vice or folly mov'd,
For each new object change their former flame;
And blush to own they love what once they lov'd,
Left virtue should approve, and idiots blame.

The scorn of fools I ever shall despise;
For ever pleas'd, when by my constant side
MARIA'S beauty meets the public eyes,
At home my pleasure, and abroad my pride.

Where gold, not fondness, guards the nuptial chain,
Weak is the parent's will, the lawyer's art:
Blaspheming priests those hearts would join in vain,
Whom GOD and GOD's vicegerent, NA-
TURE, part.

But,

But, oh! may we, whose hearts affection join'd,

Preserve the blessing till the close of life!

She in the husband still the lover find;

I still enjoy the mistress in the wife.

E L E G Y IX.

A V O N.

WRITTEN DURING THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

FROM the clear stream that o'er her grotto
flows

The silver-slipper'd AVON slowly rose,
And pensive on her crystal urn reclin'd,
Pour'd forth in notes like these her anxious mind.

‘ What frantic train is this whose noise invades
‘ The accustom'd stillness of my tranquil shades,
‘ Whose swelling clamors float my banks along,
‘ And drown the sweetness of each rural song,

‘ Fill

‘ Fill all the woods around with festal roar,
‘ And fright the peaceful halcyons from my shore?—

‘ And see!—from ITALY’s degenerate clime
‘ The mottled hero fam’d in Pantomime,
‘ Leads his exulting crew with impious tread
‘ To soil the dust that pillows SHAKESPEAR’S head:
‘ With midnight sounds they break his sacred sleep,
‘ And near his tomb opprobrious vigils keep.
‘ Refounding axes give the solar beam
‘ To scorch the borders of my lucid stream,
‘ And, while around the weeping Dryads bleed,
‘ The sons of riot praise the fatal deed:—
‘ Them it becomes to praise: but ‘midst the throng
‘ What honor’d voice is that which joins the song?
‘ Canst thou whose powers could give this wonder-
‘ ing age

‘ To see the soul of SHAKESPEAR grace the stage,

‘ Canst

- ‘ Canst thou misjudging, praise each cruel blow
‘ That lays the shade by AVON’S current low,
‘ Canst thou approve those trees untimely doom
‘ That wave their foliage o’er thy SHAKESPEAR’S
‘ tomb,
‘ Or view the motley sons of Masquerade
‘ Insult thy patron’s venerable shade?
‘ But hark! loud riot swells on every side,
‘ And orgies dire pollute my virgin tide;
‘ Ah! let my ear the unhallow’d revels fly,
‘ Nor drink the sounds of midnight ribaldry.’

She said, and plunging in the silver wave,
Sought the calm refuge of her silent cave.

T H E

THE
MYRTLE AND BRAMBLE.
A F A B L E.

LUXURIANT with perennial green
A Myrtle young and lovely stood,

Sole beauty of the wintry scene,

The fairest daughter of the wood:

Cloſe by her ſide a Bramble grew,

Like other Brambles rude with thorn,

Who ficken'd at the pleaſing view,

Yet what ſhe envied ſeem'd to ſcorn:

Full oft to blaſt each hated charm

She call'd the fiery bolts of Jove;

But Jove was too polite to harm

Aught ſacred to the Queen of Love:

Yet was her rage not wholly cross'd,

BOREAS was to her wishes kind,

And from his magazines of frost

He summon'd forth the keenest wind.

A thousand clouds furcharg'd with rain

The ruffian god around him calls;

Then blows intense, and o'er the plain

A fleecy deluge instant falls:

No more the Myrtle bears the belle,

No more her leaves luxuriant shew,

The thorny Bramble looks as well,

Powder'd, and perriwig'd with snow.

Sure some gray antiquated maid,

The very Bramble of her sex,

To each invidious power has pray'd,

Our eyes and senses to perplex.

Fashion with more than BOREAS' rage

A universal snow has shed,

And given the hoary tint of age

To every lovely female's head.

O break thy rival's hated spell,

Kind Nature! that where'er we ramble,

Thy work from COURTOIS we may tell,

And know a Myrtle from a Bramble.

M A D N E S S,

A N E P I S T L E:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

DIXERIT INSANUM QUI ME, TOTIDEM AUDIET, ATQUE
RESPICERE IGNOTO DISCET PENDENTIA TERGO. HOR.

YES, yes, my friend, I quit the fond pre-
tence

To cool reflection, and unbiass'd sense;
Your hands have torn away the thin disguise
Which hid my follies from my partial eyes.
Mad since I am, why should conceited pride,
Deny that weakness which it cannot hide?
Why blush to own the follies of my mind,
When kept in countenance by half mankind?

Who

Who from the paths of Truth and Sense will stray
Where Reason lights, and Virtue guards the way,
After those meteors treacherous beams to rove,
Ambition, Avarice, Vanity, or Love.
Nor while the foul contending passions goad
E'er once regret they left the safer road,
Proud of their shame, and happy in their woe,
Will foil the skill of BATTIE and MONRO.

Mistaken OURIO, form'd alone to please
In the calm circle of domestic ease,
Must quit the placid joys of private life
For public honors won in public strife :
No listening Senate's plausible notes attend
The gay companion, and the faithful friend.
He'll shew the world combin'd with STANHOPE'S
wit
The flow of TOWNSHEND, and the fire of PITT.

Now with success he gets the Election o'er
And gives ST. STEPHEN'S one pert blockhead more ;
Pretends with schemes of Wisdom fraught to rise,
Declaims on libels, pensions, and excise,
And, while loud laughter bursts on every side,
Pours forth his nonsense with a patriot pride,
Till mark'd at length by public ridicule
A brainless Coxcomb, and a babbling fool,
To all mankind poor CURIO stands confess'd
The senate's scandal, and the nation's jest.

Mark yon starv'd wretch who views with eager
eye

The heaps of useless gold that round him lie!—
That man when Fortune less profusely gave
Enjoy'd her scanty gifts, nor wish'd to save,
What she bestow'd with chearful hand he spent,
Nor wanted millions while he had content;

His

His pleasures lessen as her smiles increase,
'Till wealth immense completely blasts his peace;
Now to himself each comfort he denies
That public care to poverty supplies,
Lets his drear mansion totter o'er his head,
And 'mid profusion dies for want of bread.

Lo SYLVIVS! once beyond description blest,
Calm were his joys, and peaceful was his breast,
His youth he spent remote from Camps and Courts
In rural labors, and in rural sports,
High forests rose obedient to his hand,
And waving plenty crown'd his fertile land,
With good old Port his social vaults were stor'd,
And frequent sirloins smoak'd upon his board.
But ah! when fifty winters should have shed
A wiser influence o'er his hoary head,

What time BRITANNIA bade her happy plains
Pour forth in arm'd array their native swains,
His heart began with childish zeal to doat
On the bright honors of a scarlet coat;
The homely garb he wore must now give place
To the silk fash, and regimental lace,
The queue adorns his back with pendent pride,
And the broad falchion dangles by his side.
When thus equip'd, a Country Squire no more,
SYLVIVS must learn to dance, and game, and
whore,
In every vice, with every rake he vies,
Scorn'd by the gay, and pitied by the wife,
Plung'd in excess, and deaf to prudence' call,
His lands are mortgag'd, and his forests fall,
Till seiz'd at last by penury and shame,
A jail rewards him for his martial flame.

Oh HAMMOND! form'd by Nature to dispense
The charms of courtly ease, and manly sense,
Each Grace that bursts spontaneous from the mind
By learning temper'd, and by taste refin'd,
Though many a tedious year has roll'd away
Since Death's stern mandate stopp'd thy plaintive lay,
Though many a tuneful Bard to BRITAIN dear,
Has paid thy shrine the tribute of a tear,
Let not thy shade this votive verse disdain
Though late I sing, and humbly flows my strain.
In vain for thee contending MUSES wove
The choicest garlands of the AONIAN grove,
In vain thy heart, by ancient lore inspir'd,
With holy Freedom's purest flame was fir'd,
On one disdainful maid for ever hung
The Poet's fancy, and the Patriot's tongue,
And talents form'd a troubled state to guide,
Fell a sad sacrifice to female pride.

Since

Since in such garbs of horror often dress'd
The Fury Passions rend the human breast,
Since now by Vice, and now by Folly led,
To some vain Idol still we bow the head,
O blame not, if my vagrant Fancy chuse
The sweet delirium of the harmless MUSE.
Though far below proud Glory's towering height
Humbly she wing her unambitious flight,
Yet oft her friendly voice with placid lay
Has cheer'd the sad, and charm'd the tedious day,
Driven every dark idea from my breast,
And sooth'd my troubled soul to peaceful rest,
Oft has she stopp'd her own discordant lyre
To mark how real Genius wak'd the wire,
When GREECE and ROME resistless pour'd along
The fervid energy of glowing song,
Or ALBION's Bards the genuine laurel claim,
And more than emulate their masters' fame.

Then

Then as the lines in varied measures flow,
I melt with sorrow, or with transport glow:
Now if the lay some mournful theme rehearse,
I sigh responsive to the plaintive verse,
Now, wak'd to fury by the martial strain,
My active Fancy views the tented plain,
Hears shouting squadrons join with eager force,
Arms clash with arms, and horse encounter horse,
Till fir'd with ardent rage and fierce delight,
She breaks from reason's rein, and joins the ideal
fight.

Here some grave Man whose head with prudence
fraught
Was ne'er disturb'd by one eccentric thought,
Who without meaning rolls his leaden eyes,
And being stupid, fancies he is wise,

May with sagacious sneers my case deplore,
And urge the use of rest, and Hellebore.

When in my heart contending passions roll,
When rage, or malice, swell my guilty soul,
If e'er I prostitute my venal lays
To pour in Folly's ears the balm of praise,
If ever party zeal should warp my youth
From the strict rules of Justice, and of Truth,
And urge me with intemperance of rage
To stain the boasted candor of my page,
Here let my friend! your keenest censures fall,
And strike with Reason if you strike at all;
To censure's honest scourge my faults I'll trust,
Nor deem you cruel, while I know you just.

But if you too severely deem a crime
The love of numbers, and a thirst for rhyme,

(Happy

(Happy beyond the race of man is he
Who boasts a heart from greater foibles free,
O let me still the sweet delusion prove,
Still keep the Folly which so much I love,
Nor ever try, with useless Wisdom, kind,
To tear this favorite Error from my mind.

THE

THE
TRIUMPH of FASHION.

A V I S I O N.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1770.

IN that blest'd season, when descending snows,
 In robes of virgin white, the fields inclose ;
 When Beaux, and Belles, their rural seats forego,
 For the gay seats of ALMACK's and SOHO :
 When to his consort's with the sportsman yields,
 And quits, for GROSVENOR-SQUARE, the frost-
 bound fields ;
 What time stout Labor waking rears his head,
 And jaded Luxury just thinks of bed ;
 Tir'd with the toilsome pleasures of the day,
 Stretch'd on my couch with weary limbs I lay :

Then,

Then, as disorder'd slumbers clos'd my eyes,
This strange fantastic vision seem'd to rise.

Methought my footsteps trod a spacious plain,
Of size, assembled nations to contain :
Expos'd to fight, nor screen'd by sheltering wood,
Full in the midst a spacious building stood.
In various ornaments, on every part,
Had ARCHITECTURE lavish'd all her art ;
Here GRECIAN columns GOTHIC structures bear,
Gay CHINA spreads her painted arches there ;
The artist's skill, to charm the roving view,
Had mix'd old orders, and invented new.
High in the dome, on massy pillars rear'd,
Rich with refulgent gems, a throne appear'd,
Where, deck'd in all the pomp of regal state,
'Mid gazing crouds, a female figure sat ;

And,

And, while ten thousand tongues her power proclaim,
The vaulted roofs re-echo FASHION's name.

Round her a train of busy nymphs are seen,
Dressing with skilful hands their haughty queen:
Some plait her robes, her washes some prepare,
Some paint her cheeks, and some adorn her hair;
Still through perpetual change their labors run,
One moment alters, what the last had done.

Numbers each art to gain her favor try,
And watch the varying motions of her eye;
At her command employ their utmost skill,
And yield their minds, and bodies, to her will;
Lay health, and fame, and fortune, all aside,
To follow blindly where her mandates guide.

Let but the worshipp'd Goddess give the word,
No toil seems difficult, no scheme absurd.

Pale Sickness tries each art that can avail,
To make her faded features yet more pale;

While

While rosy Health's capricious fingers spread,
 On her fresh blooming cheeks, a foreign red.
 The weakly stripling, fainting with the pace,
 Urges o'er hill, and dale, the breathless chace;
 While the stout brawny youth, in languid strains,
 Of tender frame, and shatter'd nerves, complains.
 Nobles, whose fires for freedom bravely flood,
 Or seal'd her sacred charter with their blood,
 Glory their country's honor to have sold,
 And prostitute their dearest rights for gold;
 In BRITAIN'S cause while patriot Porters cry,
 And Butchers bellow, WILKES and LIBERTY!

As at this motley scene, in wild amaze,
 On every side with wondering eyes I gaze,
 Sudden, methought, I heard the clarion's notes;
 Loud on the wind the martial clamour floats!—

The embattled legions glitter from afar,
 And threaten FASHION's dome with fatal War.
 Panting with rage to break her tyrant laws,
 Here sprightly WIT his light-arm'd cohorts draws;
 REASON, and SENSE, with VIRTUE by their side,
 In close array, their firm battalions guide;
 And BEAUTY leads in graceful order on,
 Her radiant files, that glitter in the sun.

The Goddeſs ſaw, and through the enamel'd red
 A flush of rage her glowing features ſpread:

Then, frowning, thus: ‘ Do theſe allies prepare
 ‘ To wage with troops like mine unequal war?—
 ‘ Soon ſhall my veterans o’er the purpled plain,
 ‘ With force ſuperior, drive the rebel train.
 ‘ Though WIT, and SENSE, their various bands
 ‘ combine,
 ‘ And VIRTUE’s powers with BEAUTY’s ſquadrons
 ‘ join,

‘ The

- ‘ The boldst of their tribe shall mourn, too late,
- ‘ The rash resolve that tempts them to their fate,
- ‘ And bids them urge a host to warlike deeds,
- ‘ Which DULNESS marshals, and which FOLLY
- ‘ leads.’

She spoke, and while her voice the war defy’d,
 Assembling myriads croud on every side;
 Undaunted to the field of death they go,
 And frown amazement on the approaching foe:
 With dreadful flock the encount’ring armies meet,
 And the plain trembling, rocks beneath their feet.

Ye NYMPHS of PINDUS! string my feeble lyre,
 And in my bosom wake MÆONIAN Fire!
 So shall my song, in equal strains, relate,
 The bleeding horrors of this field of fate.

First WIT's impetuous train the fight began ;
 Full on the foe, with active force they ran.
 The hardy sons of DULNESS bear the shock,
 Sustain the onset, and their ardor mock.
 Secure from wounds they fight, no hostile reed
 Can make the sacred sons of DULNESS bleed :
 CONCEIT, (whose tenfold shield's the surest fence
 'Gainst all the fire of WIT, and force of SENSE ;
 In which, when held before the warrior's heart,
 No weapon finds a vulnerable part,
 But from it's temper'd verge the arrows bound,
 Nor leave a mark, but blunted strew the ground.)
 CONCEIT, propitious hovering o'er their heads,
 Before this favorite band her buckler spreads ;
 Behind it's ample round they safely lie,
 And scorn the shafts of Satire, as they fly.
 Weak are the attempts of REASON to sustain
 The shatter'd force of WIT's defeated train ;

Alike

Alike his baffled legions quickly yield,
And still victorious DULNESS keeps the field.

But different far the martial scene appears,
Where her triumphant banner BEAUTY rears.
FOLLY, and VICE, in vain their powers oppose,
Wide o'er the field her car exulting goes;
Before her bands the hostile legions fly,
And round her shining chariot myriads die:
Even DULNESS learns to tremble at the sight,
Draws off her conquering sons, and shuns the
fight.

The trembling Goddess, seiz'd with deep dismay,
Beheld the fatal fortune of the day:
Yet one remaining band some hopes afford,
To snatch the victory from her rival's sword.
From various regions drawn, a troop she had,
Of forms uncouth, in dress fantastic clad,

The trueſt ſlaves of FASHION's potent reign,
 The keenest foes to BEAUTY's gallant train.
 A thouſand arms they wield, and arts they know,
 Deſtructive all to their triumphant foe :
 Here AFFECTATION, dress'd in fell grimace,
 Diſtorts each feature of a lovely face ;
 Here MILLINERS and MANTUA-MAKERS join
 Their cruel ſkill, to hide each form divine ;
 Above the reſt, here dire FRISEURS prepare
 Their horrid engines, and provoke the war :
 Ten thouſand puffs advanc'd with dreadful power
 Againſt the adverſe hoſt their powder ſhower ;
 The riſing duſt obſcures the doubtful fight,
 And hides the ſtruggling armies from the ſight ;
 Wide o'er the foe the gathering miſt extends,
 Full on their fronts the ſnowy cloud deſcends.
 No more, by artful braidings unconfin'd,
 The flaxen hair flows wanton in the wind ;

No more the auburn tresses loosely break,
 In curls luxuriant, o'er the snowy neck;
 Alike the sable locks their lustre lose,
 And golden ringlets, sung by many a MUSE.
 O'er the fair train the clouds of powder fall,
 And universal whiteness covers all.
 Her alter'd legions BEAUTY scarcely knows,
 And shrinks astonish'd from her shouting foes.
 So when on fam'd PHARSALIA's spacious stage
 The world beheld her rival chiefs engage,
 While ROME's luxurious youth, on POMPEY's side,
 Shining in arms, the strokes of death defied,
 CÆSAR no more against each dauntless breast,
 But to their eyes, his glittering spears address'd:
 Those who could death in freedom's cause embrace,
 Struck with the terrors of a mangled face,
 From the disputed field inglorious fly,
 To 'scape the horrors of deformity.

Now FASHION's breast with eager transport beats,
 While BEAUTY slowly from the field retreats:
 But soon her warriors blast the short delight,
 Assume fresh courage, and renew the fight.
 Each wily stratagem is us'd in vain
 To vanquish, or destroy, the lovely train;
 Though every dress to hide their charms they wear,
 Distort their features, and deform their hair;
 To every dress superior still they rise,
 Still darts the living lightning from their eyes:
 FOLLY beholds her fainting squadrons yield,
 And baffled DULNESS quits at length the field.

Now, FASHION, shame had veil'd thy haughty
 head,

And BEAUTY reign'd triumphant in thy stead:
 But, lo! auxiliar armies bend their way,
 To rescue from her force the hard-fought day.

These

These foreign aids, in four divisions drawn,
 With steady footsteps march across the lawn.
 Two dress'd in sable garbs their squadrons spread,
 Two like BRITANNIA's legions clad in red.
 Amidst their ranks four frowning kings appear,
 And four fair queens their beauteous foreheads
 rear.

The embattled warriors round, a dreadful fight,
 Pant for the conflict, and demand the fight,

‘ Now haughty foes!’ (exulting FASHION cries)
 ‘ Now learn my potent empire to despise!—
 ‘ Though the disastrous shock of former arms
 ‘ Had left ye blooming in your native charms;
 ‘ No rouge had spread, no powder fall’n to shroud
 ‘ Your dazzling lustre in a dusty cloud;
 ‘ Not all your vaunted power should ever boast
 ‘ One laurel ravish’d from yon veteran host.

‘ Elate

- ‘ Elate in arms, and foremost in the field,
- ‘ See mighty PAM his maffy halberd wield!—
- ‘ Where-e’er, by victory led, the hero goes,
- ‘ What daring arm, undaunted, shall oppose?
- ‘ Or who, with fearless eye, the plain explores
- ‘ Where dreadful march yon fable MATADORES?’

The Goddeſs ſaid.—Impatient to engage,
 Onward the legions ruſh with ſhouts of rage.
 In vain fair BEAUTY calls her faithleſs band,
 And bids each chief the fierce attack withſtand;
 The apoſtate warriors yield without a blow,
 Throw down their uſeleſs arms, and kneel before
 the foe.

In triumph now to FASHION’s ample fane
 The jocund victors march acroſs the plain;
 And BEAUTY, hapleſs victim of the war!
 Is chain’d a captive to her rival’s car.

Now

Now joy tumultuous swell'd the Goddess' breast,
And thus her voice the conquering train address'd :

‘ Hail, happy chiefs ! whose steady zeal alone

‘ Has sav'd from ruin FASHION's tottering throne,

‘ Whose arms have taught my strongest foes to
yield,

‘ And chas'd resistance from yon sanguine field :

‘ For this exploit, your ever-honor'd band,

‘ As guards perpetual, round my dome shall
stand.

‘ And sounding FAME, who at my palace gates,

‘ Obedient on my will, for ever waits,

‘ Shall with her trumpets teach the echoing wind

‘ To bear this happy tale to all mankind,

‘ That in each clime where-e'er my awful sway,

‘ And high behests, the race of man obey,

‘ Your sacred names, to all my sons endear'd,

‘ Shall, as my own, be worshipp'd and rever'd.

' SENSE, VIRTUE, WIT, and PRUDENCE, all
 ' combin'd,
 ' No more shall win the reverence of mankind,
 ' COURAGE, and WORTH, no longer honor boast,
 ' But GLORY follow whom you favor most :
 ' O'er BEAUTY, PAM shall reign despotic still,
 ' CUPID resign his arrows to SPADILLE,
 ' And all who bow to FASHION's dread awards,
 ' Confess the universal power of CARDS.'

SHOOT-

S H O O T I N G.

A

P O E M.

—VOLANS LIQUIDIS IN NUBIBUS ARSIT,—
SIGNAVITQUE VIAM FLAMMIS— VIRGIL.

YE fylvan muses! as my step invades
 The deep recesses of your hallow'd shades,
 Say will ye bid your echoing caves prolong
 The harsher cadence of your votary's song?
 Not anxious now to strike the trembling wire,
 Sweetly responsive to your vernal choir;
 Or from the treasur'd stores of earth to bring
 The fragrant produce of the roscate spring:
 Mine the rude task, while summer's fading ray
 To yellow autumn yields the shortening day,

And

And all the variegated woods appear
Clad in the glories of the withering year,
With dogs and fiery weapons to profane
The peaceful sabbath of your rural reign;
Your desolated regions to explore
'Mid the wild tempest, and the season frore;
Destruction on your feather'd race to pour,
And add new horrors to the wintry hour.

'Twas thine, immortal SOMERVILLE! to trace
The livelier raptures of the joyful chase,
O'er hills and dales to urge, with eager speed,
The hound sagacious, and the panting steed;
And guide the labors of the enthusiast throng
With all the extatic energy of song.—
Severer care these calmer lays demand,
And Fancy curb'd by sage Instruction's hand:

Yet,

Yet, for the Muse some scatter'd charms shall gleam

'Mid the rich chaos of this copious theme;

Yet, here shall Glory view with generous aim,

The rising elements of martial fame.

As from the chase BRITANNIA's youth shall learn

The docile steed with ready hand to turn;

O'er the rude crag his bounding steps to guide,

Or press his ardor down the mountain's side,

Till, rushing to the field with fierce delight,

She sends forth other * LINDSEYS to the fight:

So shall the steady train, of careful eye,

Who wound th' aerial offspring as they fly,

Whose limbs unwearied keep the constant way,

From morn's first opening dawn, till parting day,

Manly and firm, an unexhausted race,

With hardy frames the shining phalanx grace;

* This gallant Officer, who was killed in one of the descents on the coast of France, during the war before last, was very instrumental in first forming the Light Horse of this country.

With steps, by labor unsubstu'd, shall know
 Incessant to pursue the fainting foe ;
 Shall, 'midst the rocks and woods, with active toil
 Hang o'er his march; and all his movements foil;
 Their close platoons, with cool and certain aim,
 Shall send destruction forth in vollied flame :
 Or o'er the field dispers'd, each shot they pour
 Shall mark some hostile victim's fatal hour.

Of old, ere man with imitative skill,
 Taught mimic thunders to obey his will,
 Train'd by superior care, the elastic yew
 With finewy arm, our English bowmen drew :
 The warlike art exulting ALBION saw
 Protected by the fostering hand of law ;
 Attentive * senates watch'd, with anxious zeal,
 This martial bulwark of the general weal ;

* See 33 Hen. VIII. ch. 9.

SHOOTING

The rules they order'd, or the prize they gave;
Compell'd the slothful, and inflam'd the brave;
And oft her archer-sons would trophies wear
From GALLIA'S cross-bow won, and SCOTIA'S
spear.

Nor let the frown of literary pride,
Or false refinement's sneer, my labors chide:
Not all are form'd with unremitting view
Pale study's restless labors to pursue:
Not all their hours are dull enough to waste
In the void round of fashionable taste;
Nor can the gentle airings, which engage
The fainter wish of languor, and of age,
From his pursuits the sanguine votary draw
Of wealth, of joy, of wisdom, or of law,
Till slow disease demands the leach's care,
Sad substitute for exercise and air!

The impatient youth, whom manly vigor fires,
Ruddy with health, and stung by wild desires;
By active sports alone can soothe to rest
The boiling fervors of his panting breast.
Nor shall BRITANNIA'S patriots blame the cause,
To woods and fields her wealthier chiefs that
draws.

Let GALLIA'S sons to rural scenes resort
Only when exil'd from a partial court,
Whose dearest hopes a Monarch's favor crown,
Rais'd by his smile, or blasted by his frown;
But ALBION'S freer lords must try to gain
The unbiased suffrage of her rustic train.
And every tie that binds her nobler band,
With dearer love, to their paternal land,
Her yeomen shall behold with grateful eye,
A surer pledge of wealth and liberty.

Come then, ye hardy youths, who wish to save
By generous labor powers that nature gave!
Who fly from languor, hush'd in dread repose
Beneath the leaves of sloth's enchanting rose,
Glad on the upland brow, or echoing vale,
To drink new vigor from the morning gale;—
Come! and the Muse shall shew you how to foil
By sports of skill the tedious hours of toil;
The healthful lessons of the field impart,
And careful teach the rudiments of art.

When the last sun of August's fiery reign
Now bathes his radiant forehead in the main,
The panoply by sportive heroes worn
Is rang'd in order for the ensuing morn;
Forth from the summer guard of bolt and lock
Comes the thick guêtre, and the fustian frock;

With curious skill, the deathful tube is made
Clean as the firelock of the spruce parade :
Yet, let no polish of the sportsman's gun
Flash like the foldier's weapon to the sun,
Or the bright steel's refulgent glare presume
To penetrate the peaceful forest's gloom ;
But let it take the brown's more sober hue,
Or the dark lustre of the enamell'd blue.
Let the close pouch the wadded tow contain,
The leaden pellets, and the nitrous grain ;
And wisely cautious, with preventive care,
Be the spare flint, and ready turnscrew there ;
While the slung net is open to receive
Each prize the labors of the day shall give.

Yet oft the experienc'd shooter will deride
This quaint exactness of fastidious pride ;

In some old coat that whilom charm'd the eye,
Till time had worn it into slovenry,
His dusky weapon, all by rust conceal'd,
Through rainy service in the sportive field,
He issues to the plain, secure to kill,
And founds his glory on superior skill.

The night recedes, and mild AURORA now
Waves her gray banner on the eastern brow;
Light float the misty vapors o'er the sky,
And dim the blaze of PHŒBUS' garish eye;
The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
And curls the crystal surface of the lake;
The expectant sportsmen, urg'd by anxious haste,
Snatch the refreshment of a short repast,
Their weapons seize, their pointers call around,
And fally forth impatient to the ground.

Here where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
And the thick stubble clothes the russet lawn,
Begin the sport.—Eager and unconfin'd
As when stern *ÆOLUS* unchains the wind,
The active pointer, from his thong unbound,
Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
Yet, 'midst his ardor, still his master fears,
And the restraining whistle careful hears.
So when *BRITANNIA*'s watchful navies sweep,
In freedom's awful cause, the hostile deep,
Though the brave warrior panting to engage,
And loose on *ENGLAND*'s foes his patriot rage,
The tempest's howling fury deems too slow
To fill his sails, and waft him to the foe;
Yet, 'mid the fiery conflict, if he spy
From the high mast his leader's signal fly,

To the command obedience instant pays,
And martial order martial courage sways.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
Now sudden wheel, and now attentive seize
The known advantage of the opposing breeze.—
At once they stop!—yon' careful dog descries
Where close and near the lurking covey lies.
His caution mark, lest even a breath betray
The impending danger to his timid prey;
In various attitudes around him stand,
Silent and motionless, the attending band.
So when the son of DANAE and JOVE,
Crown'd by gay conquest and successful love,
Saw PHINEUS and his frantic rout invade
The festive rights by HYMEN sacred made,

To the rude BACCHANALS his arm outspread
The horrid image of MEDUSA's head ;
Soon as the locks their snaky curls disclose,
A marble stiffness seiz'd his threatening foes ;
Fix'd were the eyes that mark'd the javelin thrown,
And each stern warrior rear'd his lance in stone.

Now by the glowing cheek and heaving breast
Is expectation's sanguine wish express'd.—
Ah curb your headlong ardor ! nor refuse
Patient to hear the precepts of the Muse.
Sooner shall noisy heat in rash dispute
The reasoning calm of placid sense confute ;
Sooner the headlong rout's misguided rage
With the firm phalanx equal combat wage,
Than the warm youth, whom anxious hopes in-
flame,
Pursue the fleeting mark with steady aim.

By

By temperate thought your glowing passions cool,
And bow the swelling heart to reason's rule ;
Else when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
Alarms your startled ear, and dazzled eyes,
Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
Your random bolts shall waste their force in air.

They rise!—they rise!—Ah yet your fire re-
strain,

Till the scar'd birds securer distance gain ;
For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood ;
But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,
And at the length where frequent trials shew
Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow,
Draw quick!—yet steady care with quickness join,
Left the shock'd barrel deviate from the line ;

So shall success your ardent wishes pay,
And sure destruction wait the flying prey.

As glory more than gain allures the brave
To dare the combat loud, and louder wave;
So the ambition of the sportsman lies
More in the certain shot than bleeding prize.
While poachers, mindful of the festal hour,
Among the covey random slaughter pour;
And, as their numbers press the crimson'd ground,
Regardless reck not of the secret wound,
Which borne away, the wretched victims lie
'Mid silent shades to languish and to die.
O let your breast such selfish views disclaim,
And scorn the triumph of a casual aim:
Not urg'd by rapine, but of honor proud,
One object single from the scattering croud;

So,

So, when you see the destin'd quarry down,
Shall just applause your skilful labor crown.

If your staunch dogs require no instant toil
To rescue from their jaws the fluttering spoil,
Re-load your fatal piece with prudent zeal,
While glows with recent flame the smoking steel;
So the black grain shall kindling warmth acquire,
And take the flinty spark with readier fire;
Or if some scatter'd bird, that lay behind,
Sudden should rise, and fleet away on wind,
You check her rapid course, nor murmuring stand,
Your empty weapon useless in your hand.

Now some observant eye has mark'd their flight,
And seen dispers'd the weary'd covey light;
Soon to the spot the ranging pointer drawn,
Explores with tender nose the tainted lawn,

Where,

Where, to his nicer sense, their fumes betray
The secret ambush of the fearful prey.

With cautious action now, and stealthful pace,
His careful steps pursue the running race ;
Now fix'd he stands, now moves with doubtful
tread,

Stopp'd by their pause, or by their motion led,
Till, rooted by the sheltering hedge, his feet
Declare the trembling victim's last retreat.

But as, with beating breasts, on either side
The impatient youths the pleasing task divide,
And in the row between, the lurking game
Lies hid from sight, ah, careful be the aim !
Left, skreen'd and parted by the thorny mound,
The erring shots should give a fatal wound,
And change the jocund sportsman's verdant wreath
For funeral weeds, for mourning, tears, and death.

In LYDIAN plains, where rich PACTOLUS roll'd
Through groves of perfume, and o'er sands of gold,
CRÆSUS, of ASIA's lords the proudest name,
Shar'd every gift of fortune, and of fame;
So wide his empire, and so vast his store,
That avarice and ambition ask'd no more;
Though blest in these, the dearer bliss he knows
With which a parent's happy bosom glows,
For not the fairest image ever dress'd
In the fond wishes of a father's breast,
By flattery swell'd, could mate the virtuous praise
To ARTYS' worth that truth unbias'd pays.
At war's loud clarion if the nations bled,
Conquest his armies crown'd if ARTYS led;
If the rude waves of civil discord broke,
Hush'd was the rising storm if ARTYS spoke;
His lenient voice bade loud rebellion cease,
And charm'd contending factions into peace:

Nor

Nor less his care domestic knew to bring
Joy to his fire, than safety to his king;
Nor was the patriot's glory priz'd above
The dearer charity of filial love.

While prosperous scenes the monarch's thoughts
beguile,
Too little warn'd of Fortune's transient smile,
'Mid the dark moments of the boding night
A horrid vision seem'd to meet his sight,
With dying mien his Arms stood confess'd,
Transfix'd by horrid steel his bleeding breast.—
Swift from his couch he starts, while wild despair
Contracts his eye-balls, and uplifts his hair.
In vain the orient morn's reviving power
Chas'd the pale phantoms of the midnight hour;
The recollected scene his peace annoys,
Sinks in his heart, and poisons all his joys;

Around

Around him visionary falchions gleam
In act to realize his dreadful dream;
And if by chance loud rumor wafts from far
Uncertain clamors of intended war,
His laboring breast foretels the fatal deed,
And sees in fancied fights his ARYS bleed.

What shall his fears invent, or how control
The generous ardor of the hero's soul?—
His mind to gentler thoughts he tries to move,
And conquer strong renown by stronger love.
The fairest maid of LYDIA'S glowing dames,
Whose beauteous form the manly youth inflames,
With eastern roses crown'd, is blushing led
In Hymeneal pomp, to ARYS' bed.
To cares of empire, and to toils of fight,
Succeed the festal day, and genial night:

Soft Pleasure spreads around her blooming flow'rs,
And wanton CUPID leads the laughing hours.

Amid these joys, from MYRIA's subject plain,
Before the throne, behold a suppliant train!

- ' O mighty prince!' they cry, ' we now repair
- ' To claim the aid of thy paternal care ;
- ' A savage monster of portentous size,
- ' Whose cruel strength our utmost force defies,
- ' Ranges our fields, spreads devastation round,
- ' And roots the unripen'd harvest from the ground.
- ' O, let thy youths, to range the woods who know,
- ' Attend with faithful dogs, and twanging bow ;
- ' In his dire haunts the fierce invader brave,
- ' Repel his fury, and thy subjects save.
- ' Perhaps the prince.'—The eager monarch, here,
Urg'd by the influence of parental fear,

Arrests their speech: ' My arms, my youths shall

' go,

' Your terrors quell, and check this savage foe;

' But for my son, him other cares employ,

' And the soft scenes of Hymeneal joy,

' Nor must the rugged chace, or dubious fight,

' Mar the sweet transports of the nuptial rite.'

He ceas'd; attentive round the MYSIAN band,
Pleas'd with the promis'd aid, submissive stand.

Not so the prince, his ardent bosom glows

To burst the filken bands of still repose.

' Ah! what, my fire,' he cries, ' has ATYS done?

' What sad distrust awaits your hapless son,

' That thus immers'd in sloth you keep him far

' From fields of glory, and from toils of war?

' For love's soft raptures though the hero burn,

' Yet fame and danger claim their wonted turn.

- ‘ How shall I meet, involv’d in this disgrace,
- ‘ The indignant murmurs of your warrior race ?
- ‘ How will, with tears of silent scorn, my bride
- ‘ Her alter’d lord’s inglorious safety chide !
- ‘ O give my wishes way, or let me hear
- ‘ The hidden source of this injurious fear.’

This earnest prayer the smother’d secret draws,
And the sad Monarch owns the latent cause :

When ATYS, smiling :—‘ How shall I reprove

- ‘ The fond excesses of paternal love,
- ‘ Though for my undeserving life is shown
- ‘ A nice regard you never paid your own ?
- ‘ But shall the heir of CRÆSUS’ martial name
- ‘ Inglorious life prefer to glorious fame ?—
- ‘ Life is a bliss, when crown’d by virtue’s meed,
- ‘ And death a prize, when honor bids us bleed ;

- * Omens and dreams in vain the purpose stay
- * When duty calls, and glory points the way.
- * Or grant some god the vision sent, yet here
- * Vain are your cares, and useless is your fear;
- * Transfix'd by steel my bleeding breast you saw,
- * Not torn and mangled by a bestial jaw;
- * Then let me go, and when you meet your son
- * Clad in the shaggy spoils his arms have won,
- * The shadowy phantoms of the night shall cease
- * To haunt your slumbers, and disturb your peace.*

The Monarch hears, and with reluctant eyes
Gives the consent his boding heart denies;
His brow a placid guise dissembling wears,
While Reason vainly combats stronger fears.

It chanced a youth of PHRYGIA's royal train,
His hand polluted by a brother slain,

Exil'd by vengeance from his native ground,
 In CRÆSUS' peaceful court a refuge found;
 Where oft would ATYS' gentler care impart
 The balm of friendship to his wounded heart;
 To him the wretched king in secret spoke,
 While tears and sighs his faltering accents choke;
 ' If, brave ADRASTUS, thy oppressive woes
 ' In SARDIS' sheltering walls have found repose,
 ' If here the expiating rite renew'd
 ' Has paid the forfeit for fraternal blood,
 ' If pity's tear, if friendship's lenient balm
 ' Have tried with studious zeal thy griefs to
 ' calm,
 ' Go with my son, and by attentive care
 ' Partake his labors, and his dangers share.
 ' Shield him from peril that my soul alarms,
 ' And bring him back in safety to my arms.'

To whom the youth: ' Oft has my ready breast
' Panted to ask the office you request,
' As oft my conscious shame that with restrain'd,
' Disgraced by exile, and by murder stain'd:
' Since you command, your Arms I'll attend,
' Obey my patron, and protect my friend;
' Watch o'er his safety in the doubtful strife,
' Or ransom with my own his dearer life.'

Now to the MYSIAN fields elate and gay
The eager warriors bend their jocund way,
The echoing hills and forest walks resound
With shouts of men, and chidings of the hound.
Rous'd from his lair, and issuing on the plain,
Forth bursts the monster on the hunter train,
Around the circling youths impatient stand,
And launch their steely darts with ready hand.

Too rashly eager as the PHRYGIAN threw,
With erring aim the pointed jav'lin flew,
In ATYS' breast the quivering weapon flood,
And drank with fatal barbs his vital blood.—
The mournful shrieks that rent the ambient air,
The weeping troops, ADRASTUS' loud despair;
The silent agony, the gushing tide
Of the sad parent, and the widow'd bride,
The plaints they utter, and the woes they feel,
No heart can image, and no tongue reveal.
As the ill-fated youth is borne along,
All pale and bleeding, through the groaning throng,
By the cold corse ADRASTUS' frantic cries,
Death in his voice, and horror in his eyes;
‘ Why have the gods in partial vengeance shed
‘ Their choicest curses on my wretched head?
‘ Fated the keenest strokes of wrath to prove,
‘ And doom'd to murder those whom most I love!

‘ O much wrong’d fire, let thy avenging hand
‘ Expiate by guilty blood this weeping land :
‘ Be on my heart thy instant fury hurl’d,
‘ And save from future parricide the world !’

‘ Alas, my son !’ the wretched King replied,
‘ ’Tis awful Jove who thus corrects my pride,
‘ Which, crown’d by conquest, and with power elate,
‘ It’s fortune deem’d beyond the reach of fate.
‘ Alas ! too late repentant, now I find
‘ The fleeting happiness of human kind !
‘ My hopes, my cares are past ! this cruel blow
‘ Has laid at once my vain ambition low ;
‘ The offended gods this chastisement have given,
‘ Thou but the fatal instrument of heaven.’

Silent the youth withdrew, till sad were paid
The tributary rites to Atys’ shade :

Then, as chill midnight's dreary hours return,
Weeping he sought the monumental urn :
' ATYS !' he cried, ' behold ADRASTUS come
' A willing victim to thy hallow'd tomb !—
' This erring hand, the fatal stroke that gave,
' Shall lay thy murderer breathless on thy grave.'
Then pierced with sudden arm his struggling breast,
And on the blood-stain'd marble sunk to rest.

As more obliquely on autumnal skies
With milder force OCTOBER'S suns arise,
The purple pheasant tempts the youth to rove
With well-train'd spaniels through the faded grove,
See how with emulative zeal they strive,
Thrid the loose sedge, and through the thicket
drive !

Not ranging lawless o'er the forest wide,
But close attendant on their master's side ;

No babbling voice the bosom falsely warms,
Or swells the panting heart with vain alarms,
Till all at once their choral tongues proclaim
The secret refuge of the lurking game;
Loud on the breeze the chearful clamor floats,
And the high wood re-echoes with their notes.
Swift is their course, no lengthen'd warnings now
Space to collect the scatter'd thoughts allow,
No wary pointer shews the cautious eyes
Where from his russet couch the bird shall rise:
Perhaps light running o'er the mossy ground,
His devious steps your sanguine hopes confound;
Or, by the tangled branches hid from sight,
Sudden he wings his unexpected flight.
No open view along the uncumber'd field
To the cool aim will time and distance yield;
But the nice circumstance will oft demand
The quickest eye-sight and the readiest hand,

Swift

Swift as he rises from the thorny brake,
With instant glance the fleeting mark to take,
And with prompt arm the transient moment seize,
'Mid the dim gloom of intervening trees.
His gaudy plumage when the male displays
In bright luxuriance to the solar rays,
Arrest with hasty shot his whirring speed,
And see unblam'd the shining victim bleed ;
But when the hen to thy discerning view
Her sober pinion spreads of duskier hue,
The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,
And spare the offspring of the future year ;
Else shall the fine which custom laid of old
Avenge her slaughter by thy forfeit gold.

Soon as the ready dogs their quarry spring,
And swift he spreads his variegated wing,

Ceas'd

Ceas'd is their cry, with silent look they wait
Till the loud gun decides the event of fate ;
Nor, if the shots are thrown with erring aim,
And proudly soars away the unwounded game,
Will the staunch train pursue him as he flies
With useless speed, and unavailing cries.

And now when cloudy skies and drizzling rains
Swell the full springs, and drench the moisten'd
plains,

The extended space of land and ocean cross'd
From the bleak scenes of HYPERBOREAN frost,
With active wing the unwearied Woodcocks fly
To southern climates, and a milder sky,
The osier'd borders of the brook explore,
And with deep bills the forest marshes bore.
Where now matur'd yon slender ashes stand,
Rise from their stools and tempt the woodman's hand,

Where

Where the loose trunks admit the partial ray
Along the border take your cautious way.
Here let your care the shorten'd gun employ,
Left the thick boughs the purpos'd aim annoy;
Let super-added steel with pressure sure,
From the dank drip the shelter'd pan secure:
And as the silent bird the stems among
Wheels slow his desultory flight along,
With steady eye his wavering motion watch,
And through the parting trees the advantage catch;
Though distant be the shot, the slightest wound
Shall lay the fluttering victim on the ground.

Rous'd by the spaniel, 'midst the forest shade,
Behold the trembling Leveret cross the glade!
If round the extended plains yield ample space,
Or for the rapid course, or chearful chace,

O, sacred be her steps! nor let thy hand
Blast the fair hopes of a congenial band,
Or for a transient pleasure meanly foil
The lengthen'd transport of the hunter's toil;
But where steep hills and spacious woodlands rise,
Or the long flight the frequent copse denies,
Blameless arrest her rapid flight, nor spare
The timid victim for the inglorious snare.

Where shining fells with copious moisture feed
The deeper verdure of the irriguous mead,
Or where between the purple heaths is seen
The mossy bosom of the low ravine,
The fearful Snipes, hid from the searching eye,
'Mid the dank sedge and nodding rushes lie.
With sudden turns oblique, when first they rise,
As from the weaver's arm the shuttle flies

They

They shape their wavering course : but patient stay
Till, with securer wing, they soar away :
Then as aloft their outstretch'd pinions fail,
Borne on the bosom of the buoyant gale,
The fatal shot sent forth with cautious fight,
Shall bring them wheeling from their towering
height.

When winter now, a gloomy tyrant, reigns
In dreadful silence o'er the ravaged plains,
Involves in sheets of snow the bending woods,
And throws his icy mantle o'er the floods,
Close by the harden'd brook, whose fullen stream
No more soft murmuring aids the poet's dream,
Where, 'midst the matted sedge, the emerging flood
With air and life renews the finny brood,
The patient fowler stands with silent aim
To watch the station of the watery game :

Not

Not like the gentle angler, careless laid,
In the cool shelter of the summer shade,
But train'd with hardy sinews to defy
The chilling keenness of a wintry sky;
While here the aquatic Wild-fowl's timid race
With wonted pinion seek the well known place
Where rushes thick the Widgeon's haunt conceal,
The blue-wing'd Mallard, and the tenderer Teal;
Swift on the various race, in fiery shower,
The scattering shots unseen destruction pour,
With mingled slaughter strew the frost-bound
flood,
And dye the sullied snow with gushing blood.

Such are the sports that fertile ALBION yields,
Such the wing'd inmates of her milder fields;
But bounteous Nature, with diffusive hand,
Spreads wide her various produce o'er the land,

Each different region marks with nurturing care,
And bids a race congenial flourish there.
A tribe peculiar by her power is plac'd
On the drear mountain, and the howling waste,
Which art and industry would rear in vain,
Or in the shelter'd vale, or cultur'd plain.
Hence wandering far from ENGLAND'S gentler
scene,
Her spacious champains, and her pastures green,
The hardy youth will CAMBRIA'S cliffs explore,
Or climb the heights of CALEDONIA hoar,
The Grouse and fable Heath-cock to pursue
Where moors unbounded tire the fated view,
And fullen silence reigns, save where the tide
Pours in swollen torrents from the mountain's side;
While summer suns in full effulgence shed
Their burning fervors on the throbbing head.

Thus

Thus has my verse in humble strains reveal'd
The various pleasures of the sportive field,
And shewn the different labors of the day
As the revolving seasons roll away :
But vainly shall preceptive rules impart
A perfect knowledge of this manly art ;
Practice alone can certain skill produce,
And theory confirm'd by constant use.
As well the stripling of the gay parade,
Proud of his silken sash and smart cockade,
Though taught by wise instructors to explore
The martial depth of mathematic lore,
Might hope to drive VICTORIA'S crimson car
Triumphant o'er the bleeding ranks of war,
Ere the long march, the early toil, and late,
The frequent scenes of danger and of fate,
The fervor of the glowing breast allay,
Change ardor's blaze for valor's temperate ray,

And teach the mind, unruffled and serene,
To keep her powers 'mid horrors wildest scene.

The hardy youth who pants with eager flame
To send his leaden bolts with certain aim,
Must ne'er with disappointed hopes recoil
From cold and heat, from hunger and from toil,
Must climb the hill, must tread the marshy glade,
Or force the passage through the opposing shade,
Must range untam'd by Sol's meridian power,
And brave the force of winter's keenest hour,
Till industry and time their work have wrought,
And honor crown the skill that labor taught.

Yet some, these harder rudiments to spare,
And equal art with easier toil to share,
Or watch with careful aim and ready sight
The swallow wheeling in her summer flight,

Or

Or on some lofty cliff, whose chalky steep,
Hangs with rude brow impending o'er the deep,
Where gulls and screaming sea-mews haunt the
rock,
Pour fire incessant on the mingled flock.
But vain their hopes—presented to the eye
In such diversive lines the objects fly,
The dazzled sight unnumber'd marks pursues,
And shifts it's aim, uncertain which to chuse;
Decision quick and calm, the shooter's boast,
By frequent change, is check'd, confus'd, and lost,
And, guarded by irresolute delay,
Utouch'd shall future coveys fleet away.

More hurtful still to try with distant blow
To bring the percher from th' aerial bough.
How shall his thoughts the level that prepare
With all the caution of mechanic care,

Exact and steady as the sage's eye
Through GALILEO's tube surveys the sky,
With ready view the transient object seize,
Swift as the motion of the rapid breeze,
Pursue the uncertain mark with swift address,
And catch the fleeting moment of success?

Ere yet the Muse her lay preceptive end
Ye eager youths these friendly rules attend :
'Tis not enough, that cautious aim, and sure,
From erring shots your brave compeers secure,
That prudence guard those ills which erst might
flow

From the wing'd javelin, and the sounding bow ;
For on the gun unnumber'd dangers wait,
And various forms of unexpected fate.
Drawn thro' the thorny hedge, the uncertain lock
May give with sudden spring, a deadly shock ;

Or

Or the loose spark the rapid flash may raise,
And wrap the sulphurous dust in instant blaze.

'Tis hence the military race prepare
The novice youth with such assiduous care,
And teach him with punctilious art to wield
The weighty fire-lock in the embattled field.
Though some may deem the attention urg'd too
far,
As the mere pomp and circumstance of war;
When closely wedg'd the firm battalions stand,
Rank press'd on rank, and band impelling band,
Did not fastidious zeal with cautious plan
Define each act, and every motion scan,
Oft would the bullets 'mid the battles roar
The thirsty herbage die with friendly gore,
And oft the dangerous weapon's kindling breath
Change fields of exercise, to fields of death,

Behold yon' eager race who o'er the plain,
With stimulating heel and loosen'd rein,
Their panting courfers urge to leave behind
The rapid currents of the northern wind,
Though, as with headlong rage they rush along,
Impending dangers seem to wait the throng;
Though accident with more apparent face
Seem to attend the ardor of the chace;
Yet, 'mid these calmer sports, with ghastly mien
The pallid form of slaughter lurks unseen;
And while the hunter checks his bold career
To pour on RUSSEL'S tomb the sorrowing tear,
The sportive train who haunt the fatal glades
Where hoary CAMUS flows by GRANTA'S shades,
Shall weep the unexpected blow that gave
Their much-lov'd COTTON to a timeless grave.
Lamented youth! when erst on WARLEY'S plains
We led in radiant arms our rustic swains,

What time BRITANNIA, friendless and forlorn,
Her shores expos'd, her naval trophies torn,
Bold in her native vigor dar'd oppose
Rebellious subjects, and combining foes;
In vain thy generous bosom burn'd to stand
The manly bulwark of an injur'd land,
Or nobly bleeding by the hostile ball,
In freedom's, and in ALBION's cause to fall;
Doom'd by relentless fate, to press the ground,
The unhappy victim of a casual wound.

Votaries of rural joy! with mine while flow
Your kindred streams of sympathetic woe,
By salutary care, ah! learn to shun
The hidden dangers of the unguarded gun!
And, as in fields of pleasure you acquire
The soldier's manly toil and steady fire,

His cautious use of arms attentive heed,
 Careful by no inglorious wound to bleed,
 Nor lavish life, but in the sacred cause
 Of BRITAIN'S injur'd rights, and violated laws.

A E R O.

A E R O P H O R I O N *

A

P O E M.

W H E N bold Ambition tempts the ingenu-
ous mind

To leave the beaten paths of life behind,

Sublime on Glory's pinions to arise,

Urg'd by the love of manly enterprize;

Swol'n Indolence and Fear, with envious view

The radiant track incessant will pursue,

The sneer of Malice to the croud will teach,

And mock those labors they despair to reach.

* This little Poem was written on seeing Mr. SADLER, the first ENGLISH AERONAUT, ascend in his Balloon from the Physic Garden in Oxford, in November 1784.

Nor

Nor does the bold Adventurer dread alone
The poison'd shafts by scowling Envy thrown;
For deck'd in Wisdom's garb pedantic Pride,
And pompous Dulness constant to her side,
Shall try with looks profound each new design
By the strict rules of Compass and of Line,
And damn the Scheme, whose Author can't produce

The exact returns of profit and of use.

Far be it from the Muse with Siren song
To draw from useful toil the industrious throng,
Or o'er the serious arts of life to raise
Warm Speculation's yet unsanction'd praise,
Earth's genial lap who teaches to unfold
A richer flore of vegetable gold,
Who knows in union's closer bands to draw
The opposing claims of Liberty and Law,

Who

Who dares in Freedom's holy cause to brave
The adverse legion and the hostile wave,
Shall gain from Virtue's breath a purer fame
Than all the Poet or the Sage can claim.

Yet, led by Science, they whose steps explore
Each deep resource of Nature's hidden store;
Whether pale study prompt them to reveal
What wonderous scenes her shapes minute conceal,
Or with superior zeal and bolder toil,
Which danger cannot check, or labor foil,
They trace her giant form and march sublime
Through each vicissitude of foil and clime,
Shall surely there some treasur'd secrets find,
Parents of good and useful to mankind,
Which far conceal'd from vulgar eye-sight lay
Till active Science call'd them into day.

When

When first sage MATHESIS those laws reveal'd
Which lead the Stars thro' Heaven's eternal field,
What prescience could foresee their course should
guide

The future vessel through the unfathom'd tide?
Does BOTANY collect her flowers in vain
Without one lenient herb to soften pain?
And has the MUSE still pour'd an empty lay,
Nor charm'd one vagrant foot to virtue's way?

Or grant that Science, of her stores profuse,
Forfake awhile her toils of graver use,
Yet sure no vulgar joys his breast engage
Who reads the wonders of her awful page,
Pursues the paths by former Sages trod,
Which lead thro' Nature's works, to Nature's God;
Now follows Vegetation's varied powers,
Thro' all the change of foliage, fruit, and flowers,

Now

Now feels the electric spark with sudden flame
Shoot mimic lightning through his thrilling frame,
And now delights the ethereal orbs to trace
Amid the vast expanse of boundless space.

Hail then ye daring few! who proudly soar
Through paths by mortal eye unview'd before!
From earth and all her humble scenes who rise
To search the extended mansions of the skies.
If firm his breast who first undaunted gave
His fragile vessel to the stormy wave,
How much superior he! whose buoyant car
Borne through the strife of elemental war,
Driven by the veering wind's uncertain tide,
No helm to steer him, and no oar to guide,
See Earth's stupendous regions spread below,
To hillocks shrunk the mountains loftiest brow.

Who

Who now his head sublime, astonish'd shrouds
In the dull gloom of rain-distended clouds,
And sits enthron'd 'mid solitude and shade
Which human eye-sight never can pervade,
Or rides amidst the howling tempest's force
Tracing the volley'd lightning to it's source,
Or proudly rising o'er the lagging wind
Leaves all the jarring Atmosphere behind,
And at his feet, while spreading clouds extend,
While thunders bellow, and while storms descend,
Feels on his head the enlivening sun-beams play,
And drinks in skies serene the unfullied stream of
day.

And say ye gloomy Cynics who despise
The manly labors of the brave and wise,
Who damp with envious breath the generous fires
Which Science kindles and which Fame inspires,

Yet

Yet Hell's remotest regions would explore
If the rich mine allur'd with proffer'd ore.
Say can ye tell what this, yet novel art,
May to the future race of man impart,
What wonders hence may to our sons be shewn,
Truths now untaught, and blessings yet unknown?

Tempted by cloudless skies, yet half afraid,
When first the novice mariner essay'd
On the frail raft the border to forsake
To try the bosom of the unruffled lake;
Grasping with trembling hand the ill-form'd oar,
And scarcely venturing from the lessening shore,
While shouting crowds applauding rent the skies,
And weeping matrons blam'd the bold emprise :
Had some enthusiast bosom then foretold
What wonderful scenes the invention should unfold,

That

That Ocean sway'd by this improving Art
Should join those coasts it's billows seem'd to part;
Bear the stupendous Bark in safety o'er;
And every produce waft to every shore;
Had talk'd of climes by future Navies cross'd
From scenes of Arctic to Antarctic frost,
And regions open'd to the astonish'd sight
Beyond Imagination's wildest flight;
Such credit had he gain'd, as now would gain
The sanguine votary from the sneering train,
Whose hopes should promise from the improv'd
balloon
Planets explor'd, and Empires of the Moon:

'Then while the sons of GALLIA justly claim
The earliest trophies in this field of fame,
Shall ALBION's race with impotence of Pride
Not emulate their triumphs, but deride?

No!

No! while they candid own their Rivals here
Have started first in Glory's bright career,
Let generous ardor fire each kindred soul
To join their footsteps ere they reach the goal.
And while the Wealthy and the Great combine
United Patrons of this bold design,
The applauding Muse her garlands shall bestow
To crown the intrepid Youth's successful brow,
Who first of BRITAIN'S offspring dar'd to rise
Upborne by native Genius to the skies,
New laurels rais'd on Isis' learned plain,
And taught her osier'd brink to rival SEINE.

ON THE
 WRECK OF THE HALSEWELL.
 A F R A G M E N T.

NOW the loud winds with angry pinions
 sweep

The laboring bosom of the stormy deep,
 The face of day o'erspread by vapors scowls,
 And 'mid the shrouds the increasing tempest howls,
 O'er the tall mast the giant furies rise,
 And a new Chaos mingles earth and skies;
 Bold even in danger's face, the naval train
 Exert their force, and try their art in vain;
 Despair and Death on all their efforts lower,
 And the loud tempest mocks their feeble power.

Large

Large and more large the threatening rocks appear,
And every billow brings their fate more near. —
Steep PURBECK'S chalky cliffs, whose welcome
fight

So oft have fill'd the bosom with delight,
When, as from hostile coasts and distant skies
The wave-worn mariner, returning, spies
Their well-known summits, with exulting eyes, }
Renews each scene with thoughts domestic dear,
And wets the cheek with joy's o'er raptur'd tear,
Now in the dreadful garb of terror dress'd
Freeze life's warm tide, and chill the shuddering
breast;

And the lov'd shore that life, that freedom gave,
Now sinks her sons beneath the whelming wave.

So JASON'S infant race, a suppliant train,
Around their frantic mother cling in vain,

Hang on the parent bosom that supplied
Their earliest nurture with it's milky tide ;
On all their pangs she smiles with savage joy,
And her own hands her hated race destroy.

Full on the shore the giddy vessel drives,
And the rude shock her solid timbers rives,
The lashing wave her batter'd planks divides,
And o'er her deck the sea resistless rides.—
Say shall no voice in pitying strains relate
The hardy mariner's untimely fate,
Who oft BRITANNIA'S streaming flag unfurl'd
To the wild inmates of the Southern world,
Or with bold prow the hostile fleet explor'd
When louder than the surge the battle roar'd ?
Yes! yes! to them the sorrowing Muse shall pay
The votive tribute of a mournful lay :

Yet

Yet while she pours the unavailing tear
Some transient gleams the night of horror chear.
For scenes that frequent shapes of Death impart
Arm the firm breast, and steel the manly heart;
And he who oft has seen his ghastly form
Glare in the fight, and thunder in the storm,
Will with bold arm his tyrant force engage,
And while he combats mitigates his rage.

Not such the means to check the awful doom
When Youth and Beauty meet the watery tomb:
Where those mild graces partial Nature gave
To sooth the labors of the wise, and brave,
Softened by all that fond assiduous care
Which every bosom gives the young, and fair,
Each kind attention warm affection pays,
The Parent's fondness, and the Lover's praise,

Teach Sensibility's resistless glow
To raise each fear, and double every woe.
Say how shall they, whose eye's averted fight
Shrinks trembling from the phantom of affright,
While Art inventive screens each lovely form
Or from the sultry ray, or chilling storm;
Say how shall they with gentle bosoms brave
The rushing torrent of the delug'd wave,
Where Death's pale shape in heighten'd terrors
drest'd
Strikes icy horror through the firmest breast?

What language can describe, what colors shew,
Each varied form of terror and of woe?—
With pallid features, and dishevell'd hair,
In all the agony of dumb despair,
Here on the deck the wretched victim lies,
And views approaching death with lifted eyes.

Here

Here piercing cries drown'd by the founding main
Invoke an absent mother's aid in vain.

Here stony fear arrests the laboring breath,
And dread, anticipates the stroke of death.

This on the crew her eye attentive throws
To try if hope one distant ray bestows.

And see supreme in sorrow and distress

The wretched sire his trembling daughters press,
Now down his cheeks the streaming torrents roll,
And speak the bitter anguish of his soul;

And now parental care his face beguiles,

And hides his heartfelt pangs in transient smiles,

Throws a faint sunshine o'er the brow of care,

And gilds with hope the horror of despair.—

Heavens!—that soul-piercing shriek!—the con-
flict's o'er,

Hush'd are their cries, their bosoms beat no more;

Sad, silent, all, save where the wild winds urge
The fullen fury of the heaving surge;
And, floating lifeless, see each beauteous form
Drives a pale corse before the ruthless storm.

Even the stern mariner whose doubtful hand
Just grasps the summit of the wish'd-for land,
While scarce his thoughts the sense of safety know,
Escap'd from rocks above, and waves below,
Amid the conflict keen of hope and fear
Hears their last cries still vibrate in his ear,
Feels their keen anguish 'midst his dearest strife,
And mourns their sufferings while he pants for life.

THE
PARSONAGE IMPROVED.

A
P O E M.

I.

WHERE gentle DEVA's lucid waters glide
In flow meanders thro' the winding vale,
And fertile CESTRIA's pastures green divide;
Deep in the bosom of a sheltering dale
By uplands guarded from the wintry gale,
In rustic site a lowly village stands,
Not laid in form exact with artful scale,
But scatter'd wide by Chance's careless hands
'Mid woods, and breezy hills, and lawns, and fal-
low'd lands.

II.

II.

Here by the verdant margin of the flood
 'Mid osiers dank the humble cottage lies,
 And here emerging from the bowering wood
 From chimnies low the curling steams arise,
 Here on the heath adorn'd with purple dyes
 The open casement drinks the ambrosial air,
 While pointing boldly to the ambient skies,
 The taper steeple marks the house of prayer,
 Where to the holy rite the village race repair.

III.

Here erst a simple fabric might you see,
 The peaceful mansion of the Parish Priest:
 Though unadorn'd with costly symmetry
 No splendid portal woo'd the noble guest,
 Yet from his lowly door the gentle breast

Was never by unfeeling menace driven,
 While Charity in robe of ermine dress'd
 Beheld her scanty offerings freely given;
 Nor shall her smallest boon escape the eye of
 heaven.

IV.

Though proud Magnificence with splendid arm
 Had here no vast superfluous pomp display'd,
 Yet Neatness was at hand with simpler charm,
 And each domestic comfort lent it's aid.
 Though no extended lawns, no forest-shade
 Struck with astonishment the enchanted sight,
 Yet the small spot in Beauty stood array'd,
 Since all around by Husbandry was dight,
 For well such cultur'd scenes the placid sense de-
 light.

V.

Right to the golden sun's meridian ray
 Healthful, and gay, the chearful front was placed:
 Where no Acanthus twin'd with mimic spray
 To crown the column of CORINTHIAN taste;
 By the soft tendrils of the vine embraced
 O'er the slop'd roof the vivid shoots extend,
 Now with festoons of leaves luxuriant graced,
 And now, 'as Autumn's ripening beams descend,
 Loaded with swelling fruit, the purple clusters
 bend.

VI.

A Garden trim was placed before the door
 Kept by diurnal toil in neat array,
 By walls defended from the insults frore
 Of BOREAS' bla't, and EURUS' rude affray;

Against

Against whose height leant many a tender spray,
 Where the ripe fruits in blushing order glow,
 Matur'd by genial SOL's reflected ray:
 Nor did their sides unwelcome walk bestow
 When though the sun be bright, right keen the
 winds might blow.

VII.
 The gravel'd paths by rule exact design'd,
 In equal parts the cultur'd plot divide;
 Where culinary plants of various kind
 From every eye the thick espaliers hide,
 Beneath, the border deck'd with FLORA's pride
 Exhibits to the view unnumber'd dyes,
 Where in succession through each changing tide
 Attentive art the varying plants supplies,
 Still to enchant the smell, and fascinate the
 eyes.

VIII.

Here venturing on the verge of Winter's power
 The Snowdrop, Aconite, and Crocus grow,
 The pallid Primrose hails the vernal hour,
 And humbly sweet the azure Violets blow,
 The Lilies of the vale their fragrance throw,
 In meretricious pride the Tulip blooms,
 Their gaudy pomp the rich Carnations show,
 And, o'er the rest who regal power assumes,
 The Rosier's fragrant bud the passing gale per-
 fumes.

IX.

Nor did POMONA's treasure less abound
 Alternate as the months their power display;
 Here crept the fragrant Strawberry on the ground,
 Or wav'd the Cherry on the loaded spray,

Here

Here glow'd the Nectarine in the Summer ray,
 Here swell'd the Peach all-tempting to the view,
 Nor was the Gooseberry's meaner fruit away,
 Or Currant red or rich in golden hue,
 Or Pear with sugar'd juice, or Plum of glossy
 blue.

X.

Nor will the Muse disdain with curious eye,
 Beyond the thick espalier's verdant skreen,
 Amid the vegetable tribes to pry
 That spread their shoots the bordering paths be-
 tween;

Salubrious viands for the board I ween!—
 With various dainties was the ground o'erspread,
 The Cabbage yellow, and the Colewort green,
 The Asparagus that springs in lowly bed,
 And Artichokes that rear aloft the spiny head.

XI.

The Bean whose perfume scents the ambient skies,
 The twining Pea, the Turnip's juicy root,
 The Celery that winter's blast defies,
 The Radish warm, the Carrot's vigorous shoot,
 The rich Potatoe fam'd IERNE'S fruit
 Sacred to VENUS in the genial hour,
 The Leek whose steams the hasty CAMBRIAN suit,
 With ample head the swelling Cauliflower,
 And Lettuce friendly deem'd to MORPHEUS'
 drowfy power.

XII.

An Orchard too adjoin'd whose vernal hue
 Might shame the costly shrubbery's proudest dyes,
 Whose daisy'd sod delights the roving view,
 And pasture to the gentle steed supplies;

While

While the bland influence of Autumnal skies
 Ripen'd the ruddy fruit of general use,
 Either to crown the board with luscious pies,
 Or bid the goblet smile with mantling juice,
 Bright as the generous wines that Southern climes
 produce.

XIII.

Nor was there wanting ornamental care,
 The Arbor, seat of Summer jollity,
 Where Eglantines perfum'd the evening air,
 And Woodbines sweet, and Jasmins fair to see;
 Here sometimes from each scene of tumult free
 Would Contemplation lift her eye divine,
 And sometimes Mirth excite to social glee,
 While bright with amber hue the beer would
 shine,
 Or blush the crystal cup with LUSITANIA's wine.

XIV.

Should vagrant Fancy tempt the foot to stray
 Beyond the Garden's or the Orchard's bound,
 Through green inclosures led the winding way
 Which the live fence, and leafy hedge-row
 mound;

While gently gliding through the enamell'd ground
 A silver stream with placid current flows,
 Whose shelving bank with vivid alders crown'd
 A site convenient to the Angler shews
 While the delusive fly with skilful hand he throws.

XV.

Pleas'd and contented with his calm abode
 The reverend Pastor liv'd in quiet state,
 The path heaven mark'd he unrepining trod,
 Lov'd by the Poor, respected by the Great:

The Harpy Envy, and the Fury Hate,
 Far from his gentle flock he drove away,
 Till bent at length by Time's increasing weight
 His failing powers with gradual lapse decay,
 Secure in happier climes to bloom again for aye.

XVI.

From those fair seats by Isis' sedgey side
 Where RHEDECYNA rears her hundred spires,
 His holy Successor is soon supplied.
 His beating bosom swells with new desires;
 For by the blest attainment he acquires
 A right from monkish cloisters to remove,
 Light a pure flame at Wedlock's sacred fires,
 And all the scenes of untried rapture prove,
 Which crown the mystic couch of Hymeneal
 Love.

XVII.

With eager haste he seeks his new abode,
 Keen Hope anticipating each delight ;
 But o'er the little Empire as he strode
 It's vulgar Beauties fade upon his sight,
 For forms of elegance had charm'd his sprite.
 The alley trim offends his nicer taste,
 And each compartment rang'd in angles right,
 Nor can he see by Husbandry debas'd
 Nature's imperial mien with simple Beauty graced.

XVIII.

Much in his mind he bore each lovely feat
 That fair OXONIA's neighbouring plains display,
 How would his raptur'd heart with transports
 beat
 Through shady DITCHLEY's spreading groves to
 stray,

Or as on NUNEHAM's breezy heights he lay
 To view the bending stream of Isis flow
 Through meadows rich in all the pride of MAY,
 Or pace the polish'd scenes of princely STOWE,
 Or fill his fated eye on BLENHEIM's towery brow.

XIX.

Nor need he wander from the MUSES shade
 To view improving taste's progressive power:
 No more in knots by skill capricious laid
 Does tonfile box sage WICKHAM's arms em-
 bower.—

Where pious LAUD design'd the hallow'd tower
 Throws Art her vesture with a chaster hand;
 While, welcome refuge from the sultry hour!
 By cooling gales with gentle pinions fann'd
 MERTON's delightful groves with gloomy foliage
 stand.

XX.

Here MA'DLEN too her splendid dome surveys,
 Or venerable shade, in CHERWELL'S stream.—
 O witching Memory assist my lays,
 And steep my senses in thy soothing dream!
 Here wandering oft by CYNTHIA'S silver beam
 My youthful Fancy woo'd the sacred Nine,
 Or plied by midnight lamp the graver theme,
 Or joy'd with Mirth's convivial sons to join,
 Or paid the fervent vow at Friendship's holy
 shrine.

XXI.

While thus the powers of Elegance unfold
 Their Faery visions to his dazzled view,
 With scorn his eyes the homely spot behold;—
 Anxious the steps of Nature to pursue,

On humbler scale his eager thoughts renew
 Whate'er the sons of genuine taste admire,
 Whate'er the hands of BROWN and SHENSTONE
 drew,
 Or WHEATLEY's sober diction could inspire,
 Or wak'd the sounding strings of MASON's hea-
 venly Lyre.

XXII.

Now the strong laborer with repeated blow
 Each old incumbring ornament affails,
 The guardian wall, it's sheltering height laid low
 Admits the Fury of the eastern gales.—
 Ah! what it's strength the buttress now avails
 That safely kept the garden's flowery scene!—
 Spreads the slight fence it's ineffectual rails
 Painted by curious Art of dusky green,
 Where oft the sportful lambs, destructive creep
 between.

XXIII.

The espaliers thick with blushing fruitage gay,
 The flowing border stretch'd with careful line,
 The vegetable viands, all give way,
 And low their heads the orchard-trees recline;
 While spread abroad with uniform design
 The unvaried grass-plot dank extends around
 Chequer'd with ragged clumps of sombre pine,
 And sinks the deep Haha it's subtle mound,
 That nothing from the plain the garden scene may
 bound.

XXIV.

Close by the border winds with tortur'd course
 The gravel'd path it's undulating way,
 Where evergreens that mock stern winter's force,
 And flowering shrubs their different dyes display.

The

The Cypress dark, the Lilac's barren spray,
Succeed each useful plant's superior blow,
And as the owner's eyes the work survey
He sees with joy each fair improvement grow,
And deems his little reign a BLENHEIM or a
STOWE.

XXV.

Now issuing from the garden to the fields
As Taste capricious bares her active arm,
It's leafy shade the lofty Hedgerow yields,
And quits the lofty fence it's fragrant charm:
Nought can it's vernal sweets the stroke disarm,
Low on the earth it's blooming glory lies,
Where erst the pathway shelter'd lay and warm,
And o'er the scene the scatter'd clumps arise
No guard from wintry winds, no shade from sultry
skies.

XXVI.

The brook that gently through the level meads
 As Nature's hand directed us'd to wind,
 Obedient follows now as Fashion leads
 In curves is tortur'd, or in lakes confin'd;
 While to the hands of Industry consign'd
 No more the bending osiers kiss the tide,
 Where oft the silent fisher lay reclin'd;
 And from the force of Sol's meridian pride
 The Naiad tries in vain her throbbing breast to
 hide.

XXVII.

The work compleated, now survey the scene
 Rich in the dress of ornamental Taste,
 Each useful plant of humbler homelier green
 By barren elegance is now replaced,

While as if seated on the open waste
 Unshelter'd, uninclod'd the house appears:
 And by no Arts of Husbandry debas'd,
 The frequent weed uncheck'd it's offspring rears,
 And the rude common's garb the scanty paddock
 wears.

XXVIII.

Wanting the Scythe that each returning dawn
 Rank Vegetation's progress should correct,
 Unfightly tufts deform the grassy lawn,
 Nor can the corded fence the shrubs protect.
 Oft will the Shepherd Boy his charge neglect
 And crouding Flocks the rising clumps invade,
 Oft 'mid the paths by care domestic deck'd
 The steed's unseemly ordure will be laid,
 And oft the swine obscene uproot the verdant
 glade.

XXIX.

XXIX.

And here perchance, bending his beetled brow,
Some angry Critic scornful shall exclaim:

- ‘ What GOTHIC Wight is this, who dares avow
- ‘ To scorn of BRITISH Arts the fairest name,
- ‘ Who wishes to recall with Idiot aim
- ‘ What Elegance has banish’d from our shore,
- ‘ Would blast the rural wreath of ALBION’s fame
- ‘ The ancient forms of Folly to restore,
- ‘ And bid the spruce Parterre usurp her seats once
- ‘ more?’

XXX.

Far be such blame! no BRITON’s eye can see
With greater joy the rural taste arise,
Spread wide in native pomp the untortur’d tree,
And the plain turf succeed the tulips dyes,

As Nature boon her simple charm supplies
 Dress'd by the hand of Cultivation fair,
 Where Art alone the curious eye descries
 By shining every lawn with neater air,
 The sod's more glossy green, the gardener's nicer
 care.

XXXI.

When Grandeur spreads around the extended park
 Let lavish Nature plan the bold design,
 The polish'd culture shall the boundary mark,
 And graced, not cramp'd by Art, the Work shall
 shine :

No need the rule, the level, and the line,
 Should 'midst the shades intrude with formal mien,
 The splendid walk, the verdant carpet fine,
 The contrast bright of variegated green,
 Shall shew that artful care has form'd the extensive
 scene.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But when scant Fortune checks this flattering joy,
Nor gives to ornament the rural reign,
Why the trim Garden's lowlier charms destroy?—
Why Husbandry's more homely cares disdain?—
If Industry with her assiduous train
With step reluctant from the spot recedes,
What features shall distinguish Taste's domain
From the expanse of pastures, and of meads,
But Culture's looser robe, and more luxuriant
weeds?

SIX OLYMPIC
O D E S
OF
P I N D A R.

BEING THOSE OMITTED BY MR. WEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, WITH NOTES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXV.

SIX OLYMPIC

1900 1904 1908 1912 1916 1920

1924 1928 1932 1936 1940 1944

1948 1952 1956 1960 1964 1968

1972 1976 1980 1984 1988 1992

1996 2000 2004 2008 2012 2016

2020 2024 2028 2032 2036 2040

2044 2048 2052 2056 2060 2064

2068 2072 2076 2080 2084 2088

2092 2096 2100 2104 2108 2112

P R E F A C E.

THE following translations were first published in the year 1775, and I had then some idea of proceeding with the rest of PINDAR'S Odes, that had been omitted by Mr. WEST. But my attention being called for some time to other objects, and a compleat translation of the PYTHIAN, NEMEAN, and ISTHMIAN Odes, being published by Mr. BURNABY GREENE, I gave up the design.

Translations of the ancient Poets, if faithfully executed, and the connexion and arrangement of their thoughts properly preserved, are undoubtedly of use even to the learned Reader. The Author of POLYMETIS declares, that he never perfectly understood the Satires and Epistles of HORACE, till he read Mr. POPE'S imitations of them. How necessary then must such an assistance be to the explanation of a Poet, of all others the most daring in his flights; and whose meaning has been so much perplexed by fanciful, and tasteless Commentators.

Of my own attempt I shall only say, that I have studiously endeavored to give the sense of the Original as exactly as possible; not taking too great liberty in paraphrasing on one hand, nor on the other, suffering the Spirit of the Poet to escape me, by adhering too closely to his Letter. I have added Notes on some obscure, and on some striking passages, which I have thrown together at the end of each Ode, and which Arrangement I must here defend, as it was censured by the Critical Reviewer, whose candid observations on the translation in general, demand my acknowledgment. If the attention of the Reader is to be called off at all, from the perusal of the text by typographical marks, I readily agree that his eye had better be drawn to the bottom of the page, than to be obliged to seek what it wants in another place. But I think it much better that the attention given to the general tenor of the Ode, should not be interrupted at all; and this end is fully effected, by the Notes only referring to the number of the verse, without encumbering the text with either mark, or figure; which, to judge by what happens to myself, will attract notice in spite of the firmest resolution to the contrary. I cannot explain my Ideas on this subject better, than in the words of Mr. SPENCE, which I have before alluded to. ‘ I used,’ he says, ‘ to be perpetually
‘ consulting

‘ consulting my notes: and before I left School,
 ‘ could have given you three or four different
 ‘ meanings for most of the difficult passages in
 ‘ VIRGIL, HORACE, or JUVENAL, and perhaps
 ‘ twenty, for some in PERSIUS. This way of
 ‘ studying, by drawing your eye off (at every line
 ‘ almost) to the side lights, instead of keeping it
 ‘ steady upon the proper object you ought to
 ‘ view, makes one often forget the real intention
 ‘ of the Author; and almost loses the thread of
 ‘ his thoughts, and the connexion of the whole
 ‘ piece.’ POLYMETES, Dial. XVII.

As to the frequent digressions of the Poet, they are very justly accounted for by Mr. WEST in his Preface, and certainly arose more from necessity than choice. For as he was obliged to take notice of the particular actions of his Patrons, whose exploits he was paid for celebrating, so it was absolutely necessary for him to avoid disgusting the rest of his audience by the sameness of the subject; and to do this, he was forced to introduce such popular stories and anecdotes, as he could by any means connect with the Country or Family of the Conquerors, who most of them boasted a descent from some of the Heroes, and Demi-gods of the fabulous ages.

As the situation of a Poet Laureat is something similar to that of our ancient Lyric Poet, might

not our Birth Day Odes be rendered more interesting to the Public, by interweaving some of the popular stories which may be found in our annals, with the usual compliments of the Day? I think something of this kind was attempted by Mr. WHITEHEAD. An idea of this nature in the hands of our present Laureat, might render those periodical productions not only a classical entertainment for the present time, but a permanent and valuable acquisition to posterity.

THE

THE FOURTH
OLYMPIC ODE.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA, on his Victory in
the Chariot Race.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, after an invocation to JUPITER, extols PSAUMIS for his Victory in the Chariot Race, and for his desire to honor his country. From thence he takes occasion to praise him for his skill in managing horses, his hospitality, and his love of peace; and, mentioning the history of ERGINUS, excuses the early whiteness of his hair.

STROPHE.

GREAT Jove! supreme immortal King!
Borne on the unwearied thunder's wing;
Again thy hours that roll along
Responsive to the varied song,

Awake my Lyre, and send me forth 5

A witness of heroic worth.

The Virtuous in a Friend's success rejoice,
And join the applauding Herald's chearful voice.—

O son of SATURN! who on ÆTNA's brow,
The woody load of TYPHON's giant breast, 10

Holdest thy high abode; the GRACES now

Invite thee to assist the Strain, address'd

To greet the Victor in the OLYMPIC strife;

Of every virtuous deed, the lustre, and the life.

ANTISTROPHE.

On his proud Car triumphant placed, 15

His brows with PISA's Olive graced,

Lo PSAUMIS comes! the Shores around

Fair CAMARINA's Praise resound;

For to his own illustrious name

The Patriot joins his Country's Fame. 20

O may the immortal Gods propitious hear
 His future vows, and grant each pious prayer!
 Well is he skill'd to train the generous Steed,
 Fair Plenty crowns his hospitable gate,
 With breast sincere he courts the placid meed 25
 Of smiling Peace, best Guardian of the State.
 No hues fallacious tinge my honest lay,
 Experience to the world will every truth display.

E P O D E.

This from the LEMNIAN Dames' disgrace
 Freed * CLYMENUS' victorious son, 30
 When, clad in brazen arms, the race
 With active limbs the Hero won,
 And, taking from HYPsipyle the Crown,
 He thus the royal Maid address'd:
 Behold the Man! nor great in speed alone! 35
 My hand unvanquish'd, undismay'd my breast.

* Erginus.

These Silver Tresses, lo! are spread
 Untimely, on a youthful Head;
 For oft capricious Nature's Rage
 Gives to the vigorous Brow, the hoary Tint of Age. 40

N O T E S.

PSAUMIS of CAMARINA was, according to the Scholiast, the son of ACRON; and got the Victory in the Chariot Race in the eighty-second Olympiad, about the time that ROME was governed by the DECENVIRI. CAMARINA was a city of SICILY, now called CAMARANA.

Ver. 2. *Borne on the unwearied thunder's wing.*] I find the word ἑλατή rendered in most of the LATIN interpretations *vibrator*, or *impulsor*. And in SUDORIUS's Poetical Version, printed at the end of the OXFORD PINDAR, it is thus translated:

*O qui cornuscâ fulgura dexterâ
 Fulmenque torques. ———*

The word ἑλατή in this sense, when connected with ἀκαμαντόποδος, strikes me, as occasioning a confusion of images; but, by considering it as derived from a very usual sense of ἑλαύνω, viz. *equito*, this confusion is removed. My opinion is favored by the elder Scholiast, who says, τὴν βροτὴν ὁ Πίνδαρος ὡς ἵππον ὑφίσταται τῷ Διὶ, διὸ καὶ ἀκαμαντόποδα αὐτὴν εἶπεν: and the more modern Scholiast, though he afterwards rather inclines to the other interpretation, says first, ἑλατὴ ὑπὲρλαβὴ βροτᾶς· ὡς ἐπὶ ἵππῳ χρῆται τῷ λόγῳ.

HORACE uses the same image ;

———*Per cælum tonantes*
Egit Equos volucremque currum.

And the Supreme Being is described in the same manner by the PSALMIST : ‘ Who maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.’ Psalm civ. ver. 3.

Ver. 28. *Experience to the world will every truth display.*] I own this transition seems to me the most abrupt and confused of any in PINDAR ; and the story of ERGINUS appears to be brought in without any apparent reason, as the Poet himself makes no mention of PSAUMIS’s grey hairs, though all his Scholiasts and Commentators do.

Ver. 33.——HYPSIPYLE——] She was daughter of THOAS, King of LEMNOS, and instituted Funeral Games in honor of her father, to which the ARGONAUTS were invited ; amongst whom was ERGINUS, the son of CLYMENUS, who, having white hair, was ridiculed by the LEMNIAN women, as unfit to contend for the prize ; but beating ZETUS and CALAIS, sons of BOREAS, in the race, their contempt was changed into admiration.

This is the usual interpretation of the passage ; but the Monthly Reviewers suggest an idea that the Original

Λαμνιάδων γυναικῶν
ἔλυσεν ἐξ ἀτιμίας,

alludes to the effeminate life the ARGONAUTS lived among the women of LEMNOS, where they stopped on their return from their Expedition to COLCHIS ; and which interpretation it will certainly justify. I have therefore now made my translation correspond with the Original as nearly as possible. Indeed there is nothing a Translator should more carefully guard against, than the being induced to deviate from the plain sense of his Author, to adopt the fanciful ideas

ideas of Commentators, and to introduce into the Text words perhaps totally inconsistent with his real intention. So in the beginning of the second PYTHIAN Ode, SUDORIUS, having found in the Scholia that SYRACUSE was composed of four Cities joined together, renders the words

Μεγαπόλεις ὃ Συρά-
κους, —————

Quattuor scilicet Syracusæ in urbes.

and destroys the sublimity of the passage by descending to particulars.

THE SIXTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

TO AGESIAS of SYRACUSE, on his Victory gained
by the Apené, or Chariot drawn by Mules.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet, after comparing the opening of his Ode to the beautiful portico of a palace built by a skilful Architect, celebrates AGESIAS on account of his OLYMPIC Victory, his being Guardian of the Altar of JUPITER, and being admitted to the rights of a Citizen at SYRACUSE; and from these circumstances compares him to AMPHIARAUS. Then he mentions his ancestors; and speaking of PITANA and EVADNE, has a long digression on the birth of IAMUS. The Poet then returns to AGESIAS, and declares himself to be in some measure of the same country; and exhorts ÆNEAS, the Leader of the Chorus, to exert himself; directing him to celebrate AGESIAS, for his being an inhabitant of SICILY, and for his friendship with HIERO,
King

King of SYRACUSE; and, congratulating him on his good fortune in having two countries, concludes with a Prayer to NEPTUNE for his prosperity.

S T R O P H E I.

THE skilful Architect whose dædal hand
 Contrives the far-resplendent dome to raise,
 Bids the bright porch on shapely columns stand,
 That rich with gold and polish'd marble, blaze.—
 So we superbly pour along 5
 In conscious dignity the opening Song.
 To him OLYMPIA'S Wreath who wears,
 Who guards the Thunderer's sacred Fane,
 And every social blessing shares,
 With SYRACUSA'S happy train; 10
 Each friendly voice shall notes of triumph blow,
 And each unenvious hand, a votive Wreath be-
 stow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice-honor'd State by fortune placed
The happy son of SOSTRATUS behold!
Nor is the Warrior, or the Seaman graced 15
Till Danger and till Toil their worth unfold.
But Fame's eternal Pæans wait
The virtuous labors of the brave and great.—
To thee, AGESIAS, shall belong
Those genuine Praises, which of old 20
ADRASTUS with no flattering tongue
On AMPHIARAUS, sacred Seer! bestow'd:
What time the fatal earth with yawning womb,
Him and his fiery steeds clos'd living in the tomb.

EPODE I.

Now seven funeral pyres begun 25
To shed a lurid blaze around,
When * TALAUS' forrowing son
Pour'd to the THEBAN host this mournful sound:

* Adrastus.

' O how I languish to behold
 ' The bravest of my warrior train, 30
 ' Who Fate's eternal mysteries can unfold,
 ' Or spread destruction o'er the embattled plain !
 To him, the SYRACUSAN Youth belong
 Such praise, to whom I tune the OLYMPIC Song.
 No Son of Discord, I proclaim 35
 His Worths, his Triumphs are the same :
 And with an oath confirm the unerring strain,
 Form'd by the favoring help of all AONIA's train.

S T R O P H E II.

Come then, O PHINTIS ! to the shining Car
 With speed, with speed, the rapid Coursers join; 40
 That whirling o'er the purest paths afar
 We reach his Ancestor's high-honor'd line.
 Above the rest my Coursers know
 When PISA's Olive decks the Hero's brow,

To bear him o'er the founding road 45

Where, far from dark oblivion's cell,

Bright Honor holds her high abode,

And Fame and Glory ever dwell.

Now wide the Gates of Harmony display,

For to EUROTA's shores I guide the founding Lay. 50

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair PITANA sing, who whilom bore

EVADNE, beauteous in her hair that flows.

Compress'd by NEPTUNE on the silent shore,

With strictest care she hid her virgin throes;

But when the circling moons her pain 55

Maturely brought, she bade her female train,

To ÆPYTUS' parental hands

With silent care the Child convey;

PHASANA's turrets who commands,

Where ALPHEUS pours his silver-winding way: 60

On

On whose enamell'd banks the learn'd to prove,
In great APOLLO's arms, the blushing Rites of Love.

E P O D E II.

As o'er Heaven's eternal field
Roll'd the hours in circling pace,
Time to ÆPYTUS reveal'd 65
The produce of the stolen embrace;
Now to PYTHO's sacred Shrine
Eager the anxious Monarch goes,
To listening PHÆBUS and the powers divine
The impious deed impatient to disclose. 70
Mean time her zone with purple texture graced
Beside the silver urn EVADNE placed
Veil'd by the bow'ring grove from sight,
And gave the heaven-born child to light,

While

While on his birth the * God with golden hair 75
 Invokes the auspicious Fates, and chaste LUCINA'S
 care.

STROPHE. III.

Not long, IAMUS, on the lonely glade
 Unnoticed, unprotected, didst thou lie :—
 For by the Gods command, lo through the shade !
 Two watchful Dragons dart with azure eye, 80
 And from the Bees transparent hoard
 Thy little breast with dulcet nurture stor'd.
 And now by rocky PYTHO taught
 The wandering King, return'd again,
 From all his train domestic fought 85
 The fruit of fair EVADNE'S pain ;
 For shining PHŒBUS from his sacred Shrine
 Proclaim'd EVADNE'S Love, and own'd the Boy
 divine.

* Apollo.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly declar'd his future worth
 Above mankind in mystic lore should shine, 90
 And ne'er be wanting in the happy birth
 Of glorious sons.—Thus spake the voice divine!
 Five days were pass'd the mother's pain,
 Unfound the Infant by the careful train.
 Far from the reach of every eye, 95
 Deep in the irriguous rushes laid,
 While purple violets growing by,
 With dewy leaves his body shade:
 His mother's voice at length the place proclaim'd,
 And from his fragrant couch the heavenly Infant
 named. 100

E P O D E III.

As the gently circling hours
 Still their fostering influence shed,
 And opening Manhood's roscate flowers
 Kindly crown'd his blooming head;

Descending

Descending then to ALPHEUS' shores, 105

While round his head the night-winds blow,

He calls the God who rules where OCEAN roars,

And PHŒBUS dreadful with his silver bow :

Desiring public Fame, and fair Renown,

Might with their verdant Wreaths his Temples

crown.— 110

Soon each paternal voice divine

Own'd him as sprung from Heavenly Line ;

' Rise, Son, and this propitious sound pursue,

' Till PISA's crowded plains rise to thy raptur'd

' view.'

STROPHE IV.

The Hero straight the voice obey'd; and now 115

CRONIUS, thy cliffs and rocky heights they scale;

There the kind Gods the twofold Art bestow

Of AUGURY, that never knew to fail;

There, many a dreadful labor done,
 At length when great ALCMENA'S Son 120
 Arriv'd, and bade the awful Shrine
 Sacred to potent Jove arise,
 And first began those Rites divine,
 Where Courage wins the OLYMPIC Prize;
 He rais'd the crouded Fane's prophetic fame, 125
 Whilst GRECIA'S shouting Sons IAMUS' Worth
 proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endless Fame, and happy Fortunes wait
 On the IAMIDÆ's exulting race.—

Those who in Virtue's rugged ways are great
 The most conspicuous paths of life shall grace, 130
 Still glorious deeds the Hero speak
 Though Envy burst her venom'd check,

And

And teach her offspring to despise
The Man, on PISA's trophied plain
Whose Courfers know the OLYMPIC Prize 135
In the twelve-turn'd Course to gain.—
Grateful, AGESIAS! to the powers divine
Were all the fervent vows of thy maternal line.

E P O D E IV.

Who beneath the sacred shade
Which CYLLENE's mountains shed, 140
Honors due for ever paid
To HERMES' venerable head;
To him who cleaves the yielding skies,
The Herald of the ethereal train,
Who in the OLYMPIC strife appoints the prize, 145
And guards ARCADIA's happy-peopled plain.
He and his thundering Sire to thee decreed,
O son of SOSTRATUS! the glorious meed.—

A sudden thought I raptur'd feel,
 Which, as the whetstone points the steel, 150
 Brightens my sense, and bids me warbling raise
 To the soft-breathing flute, the kindred notes of
 praise.

S T R O P H E V.

From fair ARCADIA too my line I bring,
 From STYMPHALUS the bright METOPA came,
 Mother of warlike THEBES, whose silver spring 155
 I drink, and votive songs of triumph frame,
 Bid your compeers now ÆNEAS raise
 Their voices to PARTHENIAN JUNO's praise;
 Then shall be known if we avoid
 The long-borne Adage of Disgrace 160
 Which ancient Malice has employ'd
 To stigmatise BÆOTIA's race;

To thee the secrets of the MUSE belong,
 And well thou know'st to guide the far-resounding
 song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To SYRACUSA'S and ORTYGIA'S praise, 165
 Tell them aloud to swell the exulting strain;
 Whose plains with blameless sceptre HIERO sways,
 Performing sacred Rites to CERES' Fane,
 To her lov'd Daughter, PLUTO'S Love,
 And him the King of Gods, ÆTNEAN JOVE. 170
 Him the sounding Lyre, and Song,
 Know, and honor as their friend;
 Ne'er may time that rolls along
 To his blessings give an end,
 Still may he, Fortune's friend, with chearful
 voice 175
 In bold AGESIAS' worth, and votive hymns rejoice.

E P O D E V.

STYMPHALUS' maternal walls,
 And ARCADIA's fleecy glades
 Leaving:—here his fortune calls
 To SICILIA's fragrant shades; 180
 Either country claims him now;—
 When the midnight tempests roar,
 And raging loud the stormy whirlwinds blow,
 Two anchors best the shatter'd vessel moor.
 On each may Heaven it's guardian care be-
 flow!— 185
 And thou who rul'st where Ocean's torrents flow,
 AMPHITRITE's honor'd mate,
 Through the rocks and shoals of Fate
 Propitious guide AGESIAS' bark along,
 And grace with livelier flowers my rapture-breathing
 Song. 190

NOTES.

AGESIAS, the son of SOSTRATUS, is sometimes called of SYRACUSE, sometimes of STYMPHALUS, a city of ARCADIA; and the opinion of most of the Commentators seems to be, that, of his father's side, he was a SYRACUSAN, of his mother's an ARCADIAN: but from the tenor of the Ode itself, I rather incline to think he was a native of STYMPHALUS, and afterwards inhabited SYRACUSE: most likely drawn thither by the friendship of HIERO; and this idea I have followed in my translation. Συνοικισῆς τε τᾶν κλειῶν Συρακῶσαν, seems, I think, to intimate his being admitted to a participation of the rights of the SYRACUSANS, rather than his being a Citizen himself. And where the Poet makes use of the expression *μάτραις ἀνδρῶν*, it may only mean that his maternal ancestors lived in the part of ARCADIA contiguous to the mountain CYLLENE, and were Priests of MERCURY. But I can see no reason to infer from this that his paternal ancestors were not ARCADIANs; or to imagine from any other part of the Ode, that they were inhabitants of SICILY. One of the GREEKS who accompanied the younger CYRUS in his expedition, near a century after this, was of the same name and country, and is often mentioned by XENOPHON, who had a particular friendship for him.

Mr. WEST, in his learned Dissertation on the OLYMPIC Games, gives the following account of the ἀπήνη. ‘The
‘ Apené was a chariot drawn by two mules, after the manner of the SYNORIS *, as PAUSANIAS tells us; and was
‘ introduced into the OLYMPIC Games by one ASANDRATUS, as we learn from PINDAR’s Scholiast. I have called
‘ it a Chariot, though if it resembled the Apené described
‘ by HOMER in the 24th Iliad, it should more properly be

* The Synoris was a Chariot drawn by two full-aged horses.

‘ called

‘ called a Waggon : and indeed that account of it agrees
 ‘ best with what PAUSANIAS says, who observes, that the
 ‘ race of the Apené could pretend to neither antiquity,
 ‘ nor beauty ; and that mules were held in such abomina-
 ‘ tion by the ELEANS, that they permitted none of those
 ‘ animals to be bred in their country.’

Ver. 13. *In this thrice-honor'd state by fortune placed—*
 The original is

Ἴσω γὰρ ἐν τέτρω πιδί-
 λῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων.

To stand in a person's shoes, is a well-known ENGLISH
 proverbial expression. This is a striking instance of the dif-
 ferent genius of languages ; what is sublime in the GREEK,
 would be the height of ridicule in ENGLISH.

Ver. 21. *ADRASTUS with no flattering tongue*
On AMPHIARAUS, sacred Seer ! bestow'd.]

ADRASTUS, son of TALAUS, was King of the ARGIVES :
 POLYNICES, son of OEDIPUS, married his daughter ; who
 being killed, ADRASTUS made war with the THEBANS in
 behalf of his son THERSANDER ; where he lost a battle be-
 fore each of the seven gates of the city ; and being unable
 to recover the dead bodies of his soldiers, he applied to
 THESEUS, who prevailed on the THEBANS to permit him
 to erect a funeral pile before each gate. AMPHIARAUS, son
 of OICLEUS, was a celebrated Augur, that accompanied
 him, and was swallowed up by the earth, at the command
 of JUPITER.

— δ' Ἀμφιάρῃ
 Σχίσεν κεραυνὸν παμεία
 Ζεὺς, τὰν βαθύγερον χθόνα.
 Κρύψεν δ' ἄμ' ἵπποις. Nem. ix. 57.

Ver. 29. *O how I languish to behold
The bravest of my warrior train.]*

In the original it is,

Ποθέω στρατιῶς
Ὀφθαλμὸν ἑμῶς——

So PINDAR, speaking of the ancestors of THERON, says,

——Σικελίας τ' εἶσαν
Ὀφθαλμὸς—— Olymp. II. 17.

Ver. 39. *Come then, O PHINTIS——]* Φίνις, Doricè for Φιλίς, anima. I have chosen to keep the GREEK word as a proper name. SUDORIUS does the same in the LATIN version, only he puts PHILTIS.

*Junge sed promptos mihi jam jugales
Philtis.——*

Ver. 54.—*virgin throes.]* In the original, παρθένων ὠδῖνα. The Scholiast says, Παρθένοι δὲ λέγονται παῖδες, οἱ κρύφα τικτόμενοι τῶν νομιζόμενων παρθένων εἶναι. Those secretly produced by reputed Virgins, are called Maiden Children.

Ver. 72. *Her zone with purple texture graced
Beside the silver urn EVADNE placed——]*

I am obliged to Mr. BURNABY GREENE for an explanation of this passage, which he obligingly communicated to me through my Bookseller, and which he has inserted in the Appendix to his translation of PINDAR. I will give it in his own words, as I have the emendation of the verse, as nearly as the measure of my Stanza would admit. ‘The zone according to Dr. POTTER, was not only worn by Virgins, but by Women after marriage, as a security against the insults of men; and this zone was untied in child-birth.’ *Potter’s Grec. Antiq.* Vol. II. p. 292. No sooner was the child brought into the world, than it was washed with water. *Ibid.* p. 325. It must therefore be concluded,

‘ concluded, that a woman in child-birth was always prepared with an Urn, or Vessel, which contained the water ‘ appropriated to the foregoing purpose.’

The paraphrase of this passage in the OXFORD PINDAR is as follows:—‘ Atque interim illa, solutâ virgineâ zonâ, ‘ parturiendo prævias prænunciasque aquas, & sanguinem ‘ cum fœtu fundens,’ &c.—Another Commentator says, ‘ Est autem *verecunda* partûs Descriptio, ἀρσυρέα κάλπις, ‘ Argentea Amphora, est aqua fœtum præcurrens, zona ‘ φοινικόχορος est sanguineus humor, & involucrium in quo ‘ fœtus uterum maternum egreditur.’ I am at a loss which to admire most, the *Ingenuity* or the *Decency* of these remarks.

Ve. 100. *And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named.]*

IAMUS from ἴος, *viola*. Scholiast.

Ver. 159. *The long-borne Adage of Disgrace-
Which ancient Malice has employ’d
To stigmatize BOEOTIA’ race.]*

Βοιωτίαν ὄν, a BOEOTIAN Hog, the expression in the original, was a proverbial phrase throughout GREECE, ridiculing the national dulness of the BOEOTIANS.

THE EIGHTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

TO ALCIMEDON, on his OLYMPIC Victory; TIMOSTHENES, on his NEMEAN Victory; and MELESIAS, their Preceptor.

ARGUMENT.

Though this is called an OLYMPIC Ode, the Poet does not confine himself to ALCIMEDON, who won the Prize in those Games, but celebrates his Brother TIMOSTHENES, for his success at NEMEA, and MELESIAS, their Instructor. The Ode opens with an invocation to the place where the Games were held. PINDAR then, after praising TIMOSTHENES for his early victory in the NEMEAN Games, mentions ALCIMEDON, and extols him for his dexterity and strength, his beauty, and his country ÆGINA; which he celebrates for it's hospitality, and for it's being under the government of the DORIANS after the death of ÆACUS; on whom he has a long digression, giving an account of his assisting the Gods in the building of TROY. Then
returning

returning to his subject, he mentions MELESIAS as skilled himself in the ATHLETIC Exercises, and therefore proper to instruct others; and, enumerating his Triumphs, congratulates him on the success of his Pupil ALCIMEDON; which, he says, will not only give satisfaction to his living Relations, but will delight the Ghosts of those deceased. The Poet then concludes with a wish for the prosperity of him and his family.

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! Mother of heroic Games!
 Queen of true Prophecy! beneath whose
 grove

While the red victims pile the aspiring flames,
 The Augurs search the high behests of JOVE:
 Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to
 smile

5

Of those, who, by the means of glorious toil,
 Seek on the dusty cirque with generous pain,
 Virtue's immortal meed, and honor'd rest to gain.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the supplications of the Good
 He ever deigns a favoring ear to give,
 O PISA's woody shades, o'er ALPHEUS' flood
 That wave, my wreath-bestowing Song receive,
 Eternal Fame, and endless Honors shine,
 On him whose brows thy sacred Leaves entwine.—
 For different pleasures, different bosoms glow,
 And various ways to bliss the indulgent Gods bestow.

EPIODE I.

TIMOSTHENES, what fair renown
 Was on thy almost infant actions shed,
 When genial Jove resolv'd with Fame to crown
 Thine and thy Brother's youthful head!
 While shouting NEMEA owns thy conquering name,
 And PISA's groves ALCIMEDON proclaim:

Lovely shone his form, and face;
 Nor did his deeds that form disgrace,
 When, Victor in the glorious strife, 25
 He bade the listening woods around
 ÆGINA'S sea-girt shores resound;
 Whose regions gave him life.

STROPHE II.

There sacred THEMIS sits, belov'd of Jove,
 Her favorite people's ever-watchful guard, 30
 The crouded coasts where various nations move
 To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard;
 By Heaven's decree, amidst the briny flood
 This isle, to every stranger sacred, stood
 A column firm.—O ne'er may rolling time, 35
 Or black misfortune, change the hospitable
 clime!

ANTISTROPHE II.

HÈRE DORIA'S warlike race their reign begun;
Here, after ÆACUS, their empire rose,
Whom potent NEPTUNE, and LATONA'S son,
The friend, and partner of their labor, chose, 40
What time with social care, those heavenly powers
Crown'd ILION'S sacred seat with strengthen'd
towers:

For even then the hostile Fates decreed
Her ample Fanes should fall, her hardy Warriors
bleed.

E P O D E II.

When the massy work was rais'd, 45
Three azure Dragons on the new-made wall
With fury sprung—the people saw amaz'd
Two on the ground expiring fall;

The third with horrid roars the summit gain'd,
 When PHŒBUS thus the fatal sign explain'd: 50
 ' O ÆACUS, the insulting foe
 ' Shall lay the haughty turrets low,
 ' Which thou hast rear'd with mortal hands:
 ' ILION, I see thy fate decreed;
 ' And in this omen plainly read 55
 ' Immortal Jove's commands.

S T R O P H E III.

' Nor shall without thy race these bulwarks fall,
 ' Thy sons at first shall shake the new-form'd state;
 ' The hostile Gods thy grandson's offspring call,
 ' To seal it's doom, and close the work of fate.' 60
 Thus spoke the God, and straight o'er XANTHUS'
 tide
 His skilful hands the heavenly courfers guide,

Till

Till midst the warrior race his chariot flood
Of AMAZONIAN Dames, by ISTHER'S frozen flood.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal NEPTUNE'S golden horses now 65
To sea-beat ISTHMUS bear his rapid car:
There ÆACUS on CORINTH'S lofty brow
They leave, spectator of the sportive war.—
No bliss alike charms all.—The votive lays
Shall envy blast, that chant MELESIAS' praise? 70
Whose infant sinews, courting fair renown,
Add to his other wreaths the fam'd NEMEAN crown.

EPODE III.

After, with manly sinews strong,
He in the great PANCRATIUM won the prize:—
To teach, must surely to the skill'd belong, 75
Experience fools alone despise:

Full well the Hero knows above the rest
 To form with precepts sage the manly breast ;
 To point the surest path that leads
 To glorious acts, and daring deeds, 80
 And future wreaths of fame prepare ;
 And well his * Pupil's fair renown,
 Who now has won the thirtieth crown,
 Rewards his Teacher's care.

S T R O P H E IV.

By fortune favor'd, nor by manhood less, 85
 Four striplings in the strife he overcame,
 Bade infamy their vanquish'd limbs oppress,
 And sent them home with foreheads veil'd in shame ;
 While to his Grandfire's hoary head he brings
 Triumphant joy, whence health, whence vigor
 springs ; 90

* Alcimedon,

For

For he whom Fortune fans with prosperous breath,
Forgets the pains of Age, and near approach of
Death.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

MNEMOSYNE, awake the silver Lyre,
Lo! the BLEPSIADÆ demand the song:
Well their brave brows the flowery bands re-
quire, 95
To whom now fix OLYMPIC Crowns belong.
Nor will the MUSE forget the honor'd head
Though sunk to earth, and number'd with the
dead.
The virtuous actions of the Good and Brave,
Shall rouse the sleeping dust, and pierce the silent
grave. 100

E P O D E IV.

IPHION 'midst the infernal seats
The pleasing news from HERMES' daughter hears;
He to CALLIMACHUS the tale repeats,
Who drinks it with exulting ears,
That JOVE's supreme behest had deign'd to grace 105
With PISA's sacred meed their happy race.
Still may he good on good bestow,
No pallid sickness let them know,
Nor NEMESIS their social band
By cursed Discord e'er disjoin; 110
But happy may they ever shine,
To bless their native land!

NOTES.

Ver. 17. TIMOSTHENES, *what fair renown.*] Though this, as an OLYMPIC Ode, should belong chiefly to ALCIMEDON, the Poet here first mentions his brother, and addresses himself particularly to him.

Ver. 31. *The crowded coasts where various nations move
To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard.*]

The President MONTESQUIEU has the following observation in his SPIRIT OF LAWS: * ‘Platon dit que dans une
‘Ville où il n’y a point de Commerce Maritime, il faut la
‘Moitié moins de Loix Civiles. Et cela est très vrai, le
‘Commerce introduit dans une même Pays différent Sortes
‘de Peuples, un grand Nombre de Conventions, d’Especes
‘de Biens, & de Manières d’acquérir.

‘Ainsi dans une Ville Commerçante il y a moins de Juges
‘& plus de Loix.’ ESPRIT DE LOIX, Liv. xx. Chap. 18.

There is the following passage in the fourth Book of PLATO DE LEGIBUS, near the beginning: Εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἐπιθαλασσία τε ἔμελλεν εἶναι καὶ εὐλίμενος, καὶ μὴ πάμπορος, ἀλλ’ ἐπιδεὴς πολλῶν, μέγας τινὸς εἶδει (ωτῆρός τε αὐτῇ, καὶ νομοθετῶν θειῶν τινῶν, εἰ μὴ πολλὰ τε ἔμελλεν ἦθῃ, καὶ ποικίλα καὶ φαῦλα ἔχειν τοιαύτη φύσει, γενομένη.

MONTESQUIEU has most probably mistaken the number of the Book he quoted from, which, if the opinion of VOLTAIRE may be taken, he was apt to do. M. VOLTAIRE says, ‘Tres peu de lecteurs sont attentifs; on ne s’est point
‘aperçu que presque toutes les citations de MONTES-
‘QUIEU sont fausses.’

ÆGINA was an island of the ÆGEAN sea; and, according to the Scholiast, had four hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants.

* De Legibus, Lib. viii.

Ver. 37. *Here DORIAS' warlike race their reign begun.*] The Scholiast informs us, that PELEUS and TELAMON, having killed their half-brother PHOCUS, fled, one to THESALIA, the other to SALAMIS; and ÆACUS dying in ÆGINA without a successor, TRIACUS, an ARGIVE, assembling some of his countrymen who were of the race of the DORIANS, invaded the island, and took possession of it.

Ver. 57. *Nor shall without thy race her bulwarks fall.*] It is in the original,

Οὐκ ἄτις παίδων σέθεν ἀλ-
λ' ἄμικ πρώτοις ἄρξῃσι
καὶ τέτρατοις.

This is one of the passages of PINDAR that is rather obscure. I have followed the common opinion of the Commentators, who suppose πρώτοις to allude to PELEUS and TELAMON, who assisted HERCULES in his war against LAOMEDON: and τέτρατοις to mean PYRRHUS; who, according to VIRGIL, flew PRIAM, and was great grandson to ÆACUS. SUDORIUS does the same:

——— *Natus at impias*
Invadet arces, hasque multa
Cæde madens pronepos cremabit.

Ver. 69. *No bliss alike charms all.*] This is rather an abrupt sentence, and does not seem to arise naturally out of the subject; which, after all that has been said concerning the irregularity of PINDAR, is seldom the case with our Poet, perhaps never, when he is rightly understood. The original is,

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἔσσεσθαι ἐδέν.

And SUDORIUS's version,

Res nulla cunctos æque homines juvat.

The Scholiast says, the ancients were much divided in their opinions concerning this passage; some supposing it to relate to the several ways NEPTUNE, APOLLO, and ÆACUS went when they parted; some, to the different exploits of ALCIMEDON, TIMOSTHENES, and MELESIAS.

Ver. 74. *He in the great PANCRA TIUM won the prize.*] The PANCRA TIUM from πᾶν and κράτος, was the most laborious of the Athletic Exercises. Some writers have improperly confounded it with the Pentathlon. There is a most accurate account of it in WEST's Dissertation on the OLYMPIC Games; to which I refer the Reader who desires fuller information on the subject.

Ver. 94. *Lo! the BLEPSIADÆ demand the song.*] According to the Scholiast, the BLEPSIADÆ were a particular tribe in ÆGINA, to which ALCIMEDON belonged; all of whom the Poet imagines to be interested in the glory of his hero.

Ver. 101. *IPHION 'midst the infernal seats*

The pleasing news from HERMES' daughter bears]

In the original it is,

Ἐμὴ δὲ θυγατρὸς Ἀνέσας Ἰφίων
'Αγγελίας.

There is a singular beauty in personifying Ἀγγελία, and making her daughter to MERCURY, which it is impossible to translate, as I know of no ENGLISH word capable of rendering Ἀγγελία. SUDORIUS did not find his LATIN more happy.

IPHIO ut illic ANGELIAM audiet

Natam volantis MERCURIS alitem.

I could also have used the GREEK word; but I think it has not at all the happy effect which strikes me so much in the original. The Scholiast says, some suppose IPHION and CALLIMACHUS to be simply relations to ALCIMEDON; others,

others, that they were his father and uncle. I think this passage in the Ode strongly favors the latter opinion :

Πατρὶ δὲ πατρὸς ἐνέπνευσεν μένος

Γήραος ἀντίπαλον.

The address to the grandfather supporting the supposition of his father being dead.

THE NINTH
OLYMPIC ODE.

TO EPHARMOSTUS OF OPUS, on his OLYMPIC and
PYTHIAN Victories.

ARGUMENT.

PINDAR begins the Ode with mentioning the Hymn composed by ARCHILOCHUS, and indiscriminately sung before. such of the OLYMPIC Victors as were not fortunate enough to have a Poet to celebrate their particular exploits. He then invokes the MUSES, to assist him in praising EPHARMOSTUS for his success at OLYMPIA and PYTHIA, and tells them it requires no common share of genius. He then, speaking of his country, commends him for raising it's honor by his skill and success in Athletic Exercises, and implores the assistance of the GRACES; asserting, that no glory can be expected without the aid of the Superior Powers, by whose help, he says, HERCULES was able to oppose NEPTUNE, APOLLO, and PLUTO. Here he checks himself, reflecting, that it is wrong to sing of any thing that may
cast

cast dishonor on the Gods; and, describing DEUCALION'S Flood, addresses EPHARMOSTUS and the Citizens of OPUS, as being descendants from him and PYRRHA, by means of their daughter PROTOGENIA, who was carried away by JUPITER, and had a son by him named OPUS, who founded the city of that name. Him he celebrates for his hospitality, and, enumerating his friends, particularly mentions MENCETIUS. From thence he digresses to the story of his son PATROCLUS and ACHILLES attacking TELEPHUS. The Poet now, invoking again the MUSES, desires to commemorate the Victories gained by EPHARMOSTUS and his kinsman LAMPROMACHUS, and gives an account of their various triumphs; and, asserting the superiority of native over acquired merit, and giving mental accomplishments the preference to all others, he concludes with a compliment to his Hero.

S T R O P H E I.

THE Lay ARCHILOCHUS prepar'd, the
meed

Of every Victor on OLYMPIA'S sand,

Might have sufficed, thrice chanted, to proceed

Brave EPHARMOSTUS and his social band;

But from her bow let each AONIAN maid 5
 The glittering shafts of harmony prepare,
 The heights of sacred ELIS to invade,
 Her shady forests, and her pastures fair;
 Seats sacred still to thunder-bearing JOVE,
 Which PELOPS gain'd, the dower of HIPPODA-
 MIA's love. 10

ANTISTROPHE I.

To PYTHIA too one dulcet arrow send.—
 Nor does the Poet humble lays require
 That sings the Chiefs for Glory who contend.—
 To princely OPUS now the silver lyre
 Awake, and chant her sons athletic worth. 15
 OPUS, where THEMIS, with her daughter, reigns,
 Divine EUNOMIA.—Mindful of his birth,
 He decks the capital of LOCRI's plains

With

With every flower on ALPHEUS' brink that grows,
And every blooming wreath CASTALIA'S cirque
bestows. 20

E P O D E I.

My votive voice, in soothing lays,
Shall sing the much-lov'd city's praise;
And, swifter than the courser scours the plain,
Or the wing'd galley cleaves the yielding main,
Will send the Messenger of Fame 25
Through all the admiring world, her honors to
proclaim.

If haply my assiduous hand
Shall cull the flowers that deck the Graces' Land.
For every bliss that crowns mankind,
Must from the Powers Superior rise; 30
And every plan's by them design'd,
That forms the Valiant or the Wise.

S T O P H E

STROPHE II.

Favor'd by them, ALCIDES' nervous arm
Repell'd the Monarch of the briny flood;
Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm, 35
But, firmly, angry PHŒBUS' rage he flood;
Nor could stern PLUTO's rod his breast dismay,
Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
Rash MUSE, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
Hateful's the wisdom that blasphemest the Gods.— 40
'Tis madness, strength absurdly thus to boast,
And mortal might compare with Heaven's trium-
phant Host.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let War and Discord, with the ills they bring,
Be banish'd distant from the Ethereal Train:
Fair PROTOGENIA's new-raised city sing, 45
Where, from PARNASSUS to the level plain,

DEUCALION

DEUCALION and his Mate, descending first,
By Jove's command the rising dome design'd;
While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.— 50
Let strains like these their pleas'd descendants hear,
Old wine delights the taste, new numbers charm
the ear.

E P O D E II.

Of old o'er earth's involved head,
The congregated waters spread,
And o'er the wasted country urg'd their course; 55
Till Jove, relenting, check'd their ruthless force,
And bade their native beds again
The raging waves absorb, and spare the ravag'd
plain.
From PYRRHA and DEUCALION then
Your fires arose, a hardy race of men. 60

Thence

Thence your honor'd lineage springs,
 The offspring of a God's embrace;
 And hence, for ever native Kings,
 With glory reigns the warlike race.

STROPHE III.

OPUS, thy daughter erst OLYMPIC JOVE 65
 To shady MÆNALUS from ELIS bore;
 And there compressing with impetuous love,
 Restor'd her to her plighted * Lord once more,
 Her womb then teeming with the heavenly child;
 Lest fate his days without a son should claim. 70
 The Hero on the foster'd Infant smil'd,
 Pleas'd with his form, and gave his grandfire's name,
 And subjects brave bestow'd, and fair domains;
 Whence OPUS' lofty walls, and LOCRI's hardy
 swains.

* Locrus.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his virtues, to whose friendly towers, 75
 From ARGOS, THEBES, and PISA's fertile plain,
 And fair ARCADIA, croud the social powers,
 MENOETIUS, chief among the warrior train
 He lov'd, from ACTOR and ÆGINA sprung:
 Whose son when wrong'd ATRIDES call'd to arms, 80
 Was nobly found the vengeful train among;
 Who, when the GREEKS from TELEPHUS' alarms
 Found shameful safety on the friendly flood
 With PELEUS' godlike son, the threatening storm
 Withstood.

E P O D E III.

From hence the skilful well might find 85
 The impatience of PATROCLUS' mind;
 ACHILLES, therefore, with parental care,
 Advis'd him ne'er alone to tempt the war.—

O could I soar on daring wings,
Where, in her rapid car, the MUSE exulting
fings; 90

(For ample power, and eager will,
Attend with dutcous care her footsteps still;)

Thy social worth, and ISTHMIAN prize,

LAMPROMACHUS, should grace my lay.

When Fame beheld two trophies rise 95

Congenial, in one rolling day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, EPHARMOSTUS, too, thy matchless might
Fair CORINTH saw, twice NEMEA's hallow'd ground:

ARGOS thy manly brows with glory dight,

And ATTICA thy youthful forehead crown'd: 100

What praise thou met'st in MARATHON's fam'd
course!

Now, scorning with the beardless youth to run,

Match'd with the veteran race, thy rapid force,
 Temper'd with skill, the silver goblet won ;
 Shout with exulting voice the friendly train, 105
 To see the loveliest youth the fairest trophies gain.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

LYCÆAN JOVE's high feast with wonder glow'd
 As bold PARRHASIA's sons thy form behold ;
 Her prize PELLENE on thy strength bestow'd,
 A guard from warring winds, and wintry cold. 110
 IOLAUS' tomb, and fair ELEUSIS' plain
 Wash'd by the briny wave, thy deeds attest.
 Though men by labor strive applause to gain,
 Yet native merit ever shines the best ;
 Nor shall the wreaths attain'd by toil and care, 115
 With heaven-descended might, and inborn worth
 compare.

E P O D E IV.

Not every path extends the same,
But various are the roads to Fame;
With different eye the same pursuits we view,
Nor all one wish with equal zeal pursue; 120
But his great fame shall highest soar,
Who climbs the arduous heights of Science' sacred
lore.

By which inspir'd, I now proclaim
My Hero's heaven-born strength, and native Fame;
Who, conqueror on OILIA's plain, 125
Bade the bright wreath of Victory twine,
Great AJAX, round thy votive fane,
And graced with wreaths the hallow'd shrine.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The Lay* ARCHILOCHUS *prepar'd, &c.*] The Scholiast tells us, ARCHILOCHUS compos'd an Ode on the victory gained by HERCULES and IOLAUS at OLYMPIA, called Καλλίνικος from the first word in it; it's beginning being ὦ Καλλίνικε, χαίρει ἀναξ Ἡράκλεις. This Ode it was customary to sing before every person who gained the prize at OLYMPIA, if he had no Poet to compose one purposely for the occasion.

Ver. 5. *But from her bow let each AONIAN maid
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare.*] This manner of expression is not uncommon with our Poet; he uses it in the second OLYMPIC Ode:

Ἐπεχε νῦν Ὀχοπᾶ τόξον

Ἄγε θυμέ τίνα βολόμεν

Ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὔτης φρι-

νᾶς εὐκλείας εἴσθες

Ἴντες; ἐπὶ τοι

Ἀκράγαντι ταύρῳ.

Come on, thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?
On AGRIGENTUM fix thine eye;
Thither let all thy quiver fly. WEST,

And a little before in the same Ode:

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπαγκῶ-

νος ὠκεία βέλη

Ἔειδον ἐντὶ Φαρέτρας

Φωνᾶντα Λυγροῖσι.

- It is surprising that a man of COWLEY's genius could give so very puerile a turn as he has to the first quoted passage,

Leave, wanton Muse, thy roving flight,
 To thy loud string the well-flecht arrow put,
 Let AGRIGENTUM be the butt,
 And THERON be the white.

Ver. 10. —HIPPODAMIA—] The learned Reader must again forgive me for sacrificing quantity to the genius of our verse and language. I have taken the same liberty afterwards with PROTOGENIA. IPHIGENIA and HYPERION are commonly pronounced in the same manner.

Ver. 33. *Favor'd by them, ALCIDES' nervous arm.*] The Scholiast gives the following account of this passage: 'These were the causes which induced HERCULES to make war with the Gods. With NEPTUNE, for assisting the PYLIANS, whom he attacked for this reason: having killed one TRACHINIUS, and flying on account of the murder, he came to NELEUS for his aid in expiating the crime: which being refused him, he made war on the PYLIANS, whom NEPTUNE assisted, being father to NELEUS and PELEAS. With APOLLO, because, when he consulted his oracle at PYTHO, he was told that the God was absent; which enraged him so much, that he carried away the Tripod. And with PLUTO, on account of his bringing away CERBERUS by the command of EURYSTHEUS.'

Ver. 45. *Fair PROTOGENIA's new-rai'd city sing.*] The city of OPUS is here called PROTOGENIA from the daughter of DEUCALION.

Ver. 49. *While from the stones their living offspring burst,
 To fill the nations, and renew mankind.*]

This is the original:

—ἀπὸ
 εὐνᾶς ὀμόδαμον
 Κτιτάσθαι λίθινον γένος.
 Λαοὶ δ' ὀνόμασθην.

By this means, giving the etymology of the GREEK word *Λαός*, *populus*. SUDORIUS in his version gives the exact sense of PINDAR, by keeping the GREEK word, which could not have been done with propriety in an ENGLISH translation :

—— *Factu lapidum dederunt*

Alteram prolem, vocitant & inde

Λαόν Αχιβί.

The story of DEUCALION and PYRRHA renewing the race of mankind, by throwing stones over their heads, is thus told by OVID :

Descendunt velantque caput, tunicasque recingunt.

Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt :

Saxa, (quis hoc credat nisi sit pro teste vetustas ?)

Ponere duritiem cæpere suumque rigorem

Mollisque morâ mollitaque ducere formam.

Ov. Met. 1. I.

Ver. 50. *Old wine delights the taste, new numbers charm the ear.*]

Perhaps the Poet here means to hint to his Patron, the advantage he has in having an Ode purposely composed for him, instead of having only the old one, common to all the OLYMPIC Conquerors.

Ver. 65. *OPUS, thy daughter, &c.*] This means PROTOGENIA, daughter of DEUCALION, who is mentioned before; she was married to LOCUS, from whom the country took it's name. OPUS and DEUCALION are the same person.

Ver. 82. *And when the GREEKS from TELEPHUS' alarms—*] TELEPHUS was son of HERCULES, and, opposing the GREEKS in their march to TROY, was dangerously wounded by ACHILLES, and afterwards healed by the rust of the same spear that gave the wound :

TELEPHUS

TELEPHUS *æternâ consumptus tabe perisset,*
Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.

Ov. Trist. L. V. El. ii.

As I have mentioned ACHILLES, I must beg the Reader's indulgence for a Digression on the Story of his being rendered invulnerable, except in the heel, by being dipped in the STYX; which, though it has no foundation in any ancient writer, except STATIUS, (of whom more hereafter,) is yet so generally and I may say * universally adopted, and has been so often said to be in HOMER, that it seems almost maintaining a paradox to contradict it. The Editors of the DELPHIN CLASSICS assert it roundly; see the notes on VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, L. I. v. 34. OVID'S METAM. L. XII. v. 606. and HORACE'S EPODE XIII. v. 17.

Monsieur BAYLE, in his Dictionary, says, speaking of ACHILLES, 'On a dit que sa mere l'ayant plongé dans les eaux du STYX pour le rendre invulnerable, ne put procurer cet avantage au talon parce qu'elle tenoit son fils par là. FULGENCE au chapitre 7 du livre 3, et le Scholiaste d'HORACE sur l'ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu'elle le tint par le talon. Ceux qui disent qu'il mourut d'une blessure au talon, comme HYGIN au chapitre 107, et QUINTE CALABER au vers 62 du livre 3, conviennent au fond avec les deux autres; SERVIUS sur le vers 57 du 6 livre d'ENEIDE dit en general qu'il étoit invulnerable, *exceptâ parte quâ a matre tentus est.*' BAYLE, Dict. Art. ACHIL.

Whatever SERVIUS, FULGENTIUS, &c. may say, sure I am, that there is no word of ACHILLES being invulnerable,

* I never remember to have seen this notion combated before my first publication of these notes; I have since had the pleasure of seeing it noticed by the learned and ingenious Dr. BLATTIE. *Essay on Poetry and Music*, Part I. Ch. IV.

or dying by a wound in his heel, in any ancient GREEK Poet, nor in VIRGIL, HORACE, or OVID; and almost every fable of antiquity is alluded to in some or other of the writings of the last. HOMER actually gives an account of his being wounded in the hand by ASTEROPÆUS, who threw two darts together, one of which was innocent :

Τῷ δ' ἐτέρῳ, μιν πῆχυν ἐπιβρόδον βάλε χεῖρὸς
Διξιπρῆς, σῦτο δ' αἶμα κεκταίνεφές— Iliad xxi. 166.

One razed ACHILLIS' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth—— POPE.

VIRGIL says,

DARDANA qui PARIDIS direxti tela manusque
Corpus in ÆACIDÆ. Æneis, l. vi. 57.

The account of the battle between CYGNUS and ACHILLES, in the twelfth book of OVID'S METAMORPHSES, affords a convincing proof that no such fable was extant in OVID'S time. CYGNUS tells ACHILLES that his own arms are useless being himself invulnerable, and offers his naked body to his assaults. On the contrary, ACHILLES, instead of boasting of the same advantage, depends on his shield for his security, which is nearly transfixed; (this by the way is a proof that his armor, though a gift of the Gods, was not supposed impenetrable, like the enchanted armor of Romance:)

———*Et æt proxima rupit*

Terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum.

After CYGNUS is slain, and the Chiefs are talking over the exploits of the day, the having an invulnerable body is considered by them all with the greatest astonishment, and particularly by ACHILLES.

Hoc ipsum ÆACIDES, hoc mirabantur ACHIVI.

But NESTOR mentions CÆNEAS as having possessed the same quality formerly, in these remarkable words:

———*vespro*

— *vestro fuit unicus ævo*

Contemptor ferri, nullo forabilis ictu

CYGNUS: at ipse olim patientem vulnera mille

Corpore non læso, PERKHAËUM CÆNEA vidi.

DARES PHRYGIUS, and DICTYS CRETENSIS, (or whoever wrote the books ascribed to them,) make no mention of ACHILLES being slain by a wound in the heel, (which could hardly be mortal;) ‘Quo ALEXANDER, librato gladio procurrens adversus hostem, (i. e. ACHILLEM,) per utrumque latus geminato ictu transfigit.’ *Diæt. Cret.* L. IV. Ch. XI. And DARES mentions his being wounded several times, and obliged to quit the field; and describes his death thus: ‘ALEXANDER ANTILOCHUM, & ACHILLEM, multis plagis confodit.’

BENEDICTUS ARETIUS, in in a comment on the third PYTHIAN ODE, ver. 179.

— *ἐν πολέμῳ*

τόξοις ἀπὸ ψυχὰν λιπῶν,

says; ‘HOMERUS docet ab ALEXANDRO occisum, (i. e. ACHILLEM,) τοξευθεὶς κατὰ τῆς γαστρὸς:’ though I can find no such passage in HOMER.

I have in my possession, a translation of the ILIAD into modern GREEK, printed at VENICE in the year 1526, and to which there is a book added, compleating the TROJAN War, where the Death of ACHILLES is described in these words:

— *Πάρις ἐξοπίσω*

Ἰσχυρὸν κρατῶν μὲν τόξον,

Πέμπει ἕνα πικρὸν βέλϑ.

Κατ’ αὐτῷ τῷ Ἀχιλλέως,

Καὶ εἰς τὴν πλευράν τὸν κρέει,

Καὶ ἀπέρασε τὸ βέλϑ.

Εἰς τὸ ἑτέραν τὸν μέρϑ.

‘ PARIS from behind, holding a strong bow, sent a sharp
 ‘ (bitter) arrow against ACHILLES himself, and wounded
 ‘ him in the side, and the arrow passed quite through and
 ‘ came out at the opposite part.’

The invulnerable story does not seem to have been current at the revival of literature in EUROPE. I think the following passage in DON QUIXOTE shews CERVANTES was ignorant of it, or he would most likely have mentioned it, as it so much resembles the story he introduces; especially as he has brought in an allusion to classical Fable.

DON QUIXOTE, speaking of the various miraculous endowments of different Knights, says: ‘ One has the gift of
 ‘ never being enchanted; another to have such impene-
 ‘ trable flesh, as never to be wounded, as was the case of
 ‘ the famous ROLDAN, one of the twelve Peers of FRANCE,
 ‘ of whom it is reported, that he was incapable of receiv-
 ‘ ing a wound except in the sole of his left foot; and there
 ‘ it must be made with the point of a large needle, and no
 ‘ other weapon whatever. Therefore, when BERNARDO
 ‘ DEL CARPIO killed him at RONCEVALLES, seeing it im-
 ‘ possible to wound him with steel, he lifted him from the
 ‘ ground in his arms, and strangled him, recollecting the
 ‘ death that HERCULES gave to ANTÆUS, that fierce
 ‘ Giant, said to be a Son of the Earth.’

DON QUIXOTE, Part III. Book iv. Chap. 32.

Even the writers of Romance, who were fond of depreciating the heroic character of ACHILLES, never mention his being invulnerable as an advantage he had over HECTOR; though they represent him as using the assistance of his MYRMIDONS to destroy him.

I cannot help observing here the striking difference between the ideas of Feudal and Heroic Honor, much, in my opinion, to the honor of the former. Two of the most respectable writers of antiquity, (ARISTOTLE and PLU-
 TARCH,)

TARCH,) censure HOMER for not having made ACHILLES take those measures to destroy HECTOR, which the writers of Romance impute to him, for the purpose of putting his courage in an inferior light to that of his enemy. See *Aristotle's Poetics*, Chap. XIV. and *Plutarch's Life of Pompey*.

How the idea of ACHILLES being invulnerable, so contrary to his character as drawn by HOMER, who always represents him as preferring Glory, attended with certain, and early Death, to a long Life of tranquility, should have been so long and so generally conceived to have originated with HOMER, and to have been the opinion of the ancient Poets, and this without the least shadow of foundation, it is impossible to account for. STATIUS is the only writer of antiquity from whom it could be derived; but it is something singular that his authority alone should disseminate it so universally. There are two passages in his ACHILLEID that obviously allude to it.

—*Ad STYGIOS iterum fero mergere fontes.*

Stat. Achil. L. I. v. 134.

and

—*Si progentium STYGOS amne severo*

Armavi, (totumque utinam,) cape tutæ parumper

Tegminæ, nil nocitura animo.—

Achil. L. I. v. 269.

This long Dissertation may perhaps seem trifling to some; but the classical Reader I trust will not be displeased to see the Hero of HOMER, and I may add, of PINDAR, (for he always mentions him with particular veneration,) vindicated from the absurdity of having an invulnerable body covered with impenetrable armor. How STATIUS would have managed this is uncertain, as only two books of his ACHILLEID are extant. But HOMER has taken great care to make ACHILLES and HECTOR engage on equal

terms,

terms, for both are in divine armor: HECTOR being dressed in the spoils of PATROCLUS, who wore the arms of ACHILLES, which HOMER says, ILIAD XVIII. v. 84. were given by the Gods to his Father PELEUS, on his marriage with THETIS.

Before I quit this subject I must observe, that there is another Hero of the ILIAD, who is said to have been invulnerable. PINDAR, in his sixth ISTHMIAN Ode, says that HERCULES wrapped AJAX, when a child, in the skin of the NEMEAN Lion, and requested JUPITER to make his body as invulnerable as the hide.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρρηκτον φῦαν

ὥσπερ τότε δέρμα με νῦν περιπλανᾷται

θηρὸς. —

On which the Annotator on the OXFORD PINDAR observes, that AJAX was invulnerable in every part, except the sides, where the Lion's skin did not touch, on account of the intervention of the quiver. Though the GREEK Scholiast only supposes it to imply a wish, that the future Hero may be, as strong, and as intrepid as the animal whose hide he is covered by. Mr. GREENE wonders who the Commentator is who has conjured up this Tale, and where he purloined the Story. To the last of these questions, I believe I can give an answer. It is taken from the Scholia on HOMER, though with some alteration, on the following passage of the ILIAD, describing the combat between AJAX and DIOMED:

Τυδείδης δ' ὅρ' ἔπειτα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μεγάλοιο

Αἶν' ἐπ' αὐχένι κῦρς φαινέει δερὸς ἀνακῆ,

Καὶ τότε δὴ ῥ' Αἶαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοί,

Παυσσαμένους ἐκίλευσαν, ἄεθλα ἴσ' ἀνελίσθαι.

Iliad, L. XXIII. v. 820.

TYDEIDES then the javelin aim'd above
 The Buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
 But GREECE, now trembling for her Hero's life,
 Bade share the honors and surcease the strife.

POPE.

The Scholiast observes, that HERCULES, happening to be at SALAMIS just as AJAX was born, took the child, and wrapped him in the Lion's hide, and prayed that he might become invulnerable, (*ἀτρωτός*;) and accordingly all his body became invulnerable, except the neck, which the hide happened not to cover.

AJAX I think is the only Hero of any consequence, who is not wounded in the course of the ILIAD.

Ver. 93. *Thy social worth and ISTHMIAN prize,*
LAMPROMACHUS, shall grace my lay.]

The Scholia make LAMPROMACHUS a kinsman and fellow-citizen of EPHARMOSTUS. The elder Scholiast says, that some were of opinion he won the ISTHMIAN Crown the same day that his friend did the OLYMPIC; others, that they were both ISTHMIAN Prizes; the younger Scholist only mentions the last opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the OLYMPIC and ISTHMIAN Games should be celebrated at the same time.

Ver. 109. *Her prize PELLENE—]*

The Prize in the Games celebrated at PELLENE was a cloak.

THE TENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

TO AGESIDAMUS, son of ARCHESTRATUS, an EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIAN, on his Victory obtained by the Cæstus.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet begins the Ode by apologising to AGESIDAMUS, for having so long delayed composing it, after promising to do it. He then compliments him upon his country, and consoles him for being worsted at the beginning of the contest, till encouraged by ILIAS, by relating the same circumstance of HERCULES and PATROCLUS. He then describes the institution of the OLYMPIC Games, by HERCULES, after the victory he obtained over AUGEAS, and the sons of NEPTUNE and MOLONE; and enumerates those who won the first Prizes in the Athletic Exercises. He then, returning to AGESIDAMUS, and congratulating him on having a Poet to sing his exploits, though after some delay, concludes with praising him for his strength and beauty.

STROPHE

STROPHE I.

O MUSE, awake the OLYMPIC Lay,
Which to ARCHESTRATUS' brave Son we
owe;

The meed I promis'd to bestow,
Oblivion's icy hand had wip'd away:
And thou, O TRUTH, the favorite Maid 5
Of thundering Jove, vouchsafe thy aid
To quell their slanderous falsehoods, who pretend
I e'er with wilful aim deceiv'd a trusting Friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an hour has roll'd away
Since shame has made my cheeks with crimson
glow, 10
So long the promis'd meed to owe:
But now the song, with interest, I'll repay;

And, as where OCEAN's billows roar,
 They clear from stain the pebbled shore,
 So shall the breath of this my friendly strain, 15
 To listening crouds assert my spotless faith again.

E P O D E I.

Where, gently fann'd by ZEPHYR's balmy breeze,
 Fair TRUTH o'er LOCRI's colony presides;
 Her Guardian, sweet CALLIOPE, she sees,
 While warlike MARS the generous care di-
 vides.— 20

Bold CYCNUS, in the hard-fought field,
 Forced HERCULES at first to yield;
 AGESIDAMUS, so thy might
 Was wavering in the OLYMPIC fight,
 Till, as ACHILLES' friendly tongue 25
 PATROCLUS' fainting limbs new strung;

Brave ILAS' words thy drooping spirits fire,
 Thy slumbering virtues rouse, and god-like deeds
 inspire.

STROPHE II.

When Emulation warms the breast,
 The Youth (Heaven aiding) matchless Fame shall
 gain;

30

But few the envied Prize obtain.

By slothful luxury and lazy rest.

Now custom bids my MUSE proclaim

JOVE'S Festival and solemn Game,

With which ALCIDES honor'd PELOPS' Shrine, 35

When NEPTUNE'S baffled sons confess'd his power
 divine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant arm had laid,

O blameless CTEATUS! thy glory low;

And bold EURYTAS felt the blow,
 O'ercome by stratagem in CEEON's glade; 40
 From proud AUGEAS to obtain
 The promis'd meed of toil and pain;
 And wreak on MOLION's sons the fatal day,
 When stretch'd on ELIS' plains his slaughter'd army
 lay.

E P O D E II.

Soon did the * faithless King his fraud repay, 45
 He saw his country's fairest hopes expire;
 Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
 To vengeful slaughter, and consuming fire;
 Saw desolation's iron reign
 Extend o'er all his fair domain— 50
 Vain are the endeavours to withstand
 The vengeance of a mightier hand;

* Augeas.

Awhile he rashly tried to oppose
 The forceful entry of his shouting foes;
 Till, seeing fell destruction round him wait, 55
 He fought amid the press, a voluntary fate.

STROPHE III.

On PISA's plains the son of Jove
 Assembled, with their spoils, his conquering band;
 And bade for ever sacred stand
 To his eternal Sire this hallow'd grove: 60
 Bade sacred fences straight surround
 The ALTIS' consecrated ground;
 Whilst round, the festive seats with splendor gleam,
 And crown the verdant brink of ALPHEUS' honored
 stream.

ANTISTROPHE III.

ALPHEUS, who, with the imperial train 65
 Of high OLYMPUS, shares the sacrifice;

Where the SATURNIAN summits rise,
With site conspicuous from the trophied plain :—
There, erst when OENOMAEUS sway'd,
In snow was wrapp'd the unnoticed glade. 70
On the first rites propitious smil'd the Fates ;
And Time, on whom even Truth for confirmation
waits :

E P O D E III.

He, rolling on with never-ceasing course,
To the succeeding race of men declares,
How the rich spoils of war's resistless force, 75
The godlike Hero 'midst his army shares ;
And bids the festive games still chear
Again each fifth revolving year.—
Who in the contests, now ordain'd,
The first OLYMPIC wreath obtain'd? 80

Whose

Whose courfers in the rattling car,
 Or limbs exerted in the sportive war,
 Or feet inur'd to urge the rapid race,
 Snatch'd from their baffled foes the matchless olive's
 grace?

STROPHE IV.

On the long Stadium's even course, 85
 OEONUS, great LICYMNUS' valiant son,
 The Prize with active footsteps won,
 Who brought from MIDIA's plains his friendly
 force :
 Resplendent with the wrestler's oil,
 Fair Victory crown'd the * TEGEAN's toil : 90
 While brave DORYCLUS, from TIRYNTH's shore,
 The CÆSTUS' manly prize from all his rivals
 bore.

* Echemus.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conspicuous on his conquering car,
 The MUSE MANTINIAN SEMUS' Coursers sings;
 PHRASTOR the unerring javelin flings; 95
 While, by ENICEUS' sinews hurl'd, afar
 Beyond the rest the Discus flies.—
 Resound the shores with friendly cries;
 While lovely LUNA pours her argent light
 Full-orb'd, and cheers with rays the gloomy shades
 of night. 100

E P O D E IV.

The echoing woods, and vaulted temples round,
 Ring with the jocund shouts, and festive strain.
 Following their great example, we resound
 Their glories who the OLYMPIC Olive gain:
 And in the far-resounding verse 105
 The manly Victor's praise rehearse,

And tune the Hymn to awful Jove ;
Who, 'mid the sapphire plains above,
Bids the bright-gleaming lightning fly,
And darts the thunder thro' the trembling sky. 110
Breath'd to soft flutes sweet sounds the lingering
lay,
Which, form'd on DIRCE's brink, though long de-
ferr'd, we pay.

STROPHE V.

As grateful comes the long-hop'd air ;
As to the expecting fire whom age and pain
To second childhood bend again, 115
The happy offspring of a legal heir :
The joyful tidings straight impart
New vigor to his sinking heart ;
For wealth itself the dying breast offends, 119
When to a stranger's hand the envied gift descends.

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread PLUTO's gate
 Arrives unfung;—though worth and fair renown
 His every word and action crown,
 What shining honor shall that worth await?
 Thy ears, the lyre, and dulcet flute, 125
 AGESIDAMUS! shall salute;
 O'er thy fair fame distil mellifluous lays,
 And all PIERIA's Choir afford thee ample praise.

E P O D E V.

And on his country too we must bestow
 The faithful tribute of a votive verse; 130
 On LOCRI's race the honied stream shall flow,
 While their victorious son my lays rehearse;
 Whom, by OLYMPIA's awful shrine,
 My eyes beheld, with strength divine,

In the stern conflict bear away
 The envied trophies of the day.
 Lovely his form, while youth's soft grace
 Shed smiling beauty o'er his face ;
 Youth's bloom divine, which, join'd to potent
 Love,
 The ruthless arm of Death from GANYMEDES
 drove. 140

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *But now the song with interest I'll repay.*] PINDAR, having so long delayed sending the Ode, according to his promise, accompanied it with another small one, to atone for his neglect: this is the eleventh Ode; which is from thence called Τόκον, Interest. It is translated by WEST.

Ver. 17. *Where, gently fann'd by ZEPHYR's balmy breeze,
 Fair TRUTH o'er LOCRI'S colony presides.*]

There was a colony of LOCRIANS established in that part of ITALY called MAGNA GRÆCIA: who, from their western situation, were stiled EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIANS. AGESIDAMUS was of this colony; the Ode being inscribed in the original, Ἀγισιδάμῳ, Λόκῳ Ἐπιζεφυρίῳ.

Ver. 21. *Bold CYCNUS, in the hard-fought field,*

Forced HERCULES at first to yield.]

HERCULES, making war with CYCNUS, the son of MARS, (the CYCNUS slain by ACHILLES was a son of NEPTUNE,) on account of his cruelty, was at first defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him. From this circumstance, and from PATROCLUS being encouraged by the exhortations of ACHILLES at the siege of TRAY, he consoles AGESIDAMUS for being worsted at the beginning of the conflict, till he assumed fresh strength and spirits from the encouragement of ILAS, his Ἀλείπτης, or Anointer; whose business it was, not only to prepare the Combatants for the contest by anointing them, but also to instruct them in the Athletic Exercises; as appears from what is said of MELESIAS in the eighth OLYMPIC Ode, who in the title of it is stiled Ἀλείπτης, Unctor. This ILAS the elder Scholiast calls IOLAS; and the younger Scholiast, and after him SUDORIUS, HYLUS. I have chosen to keep the name as it is in PINDAR.

Ver. 35. *JOVE's Festival and solemn Game,*

With which ALCIDES honor'd PELOPS' Shrine.]

The Poet here gives an account of the first Institution of the OLYMPIC Games, by HERCULES, after the victory he had obtained over AUGEAS, and his allies CTEATUS and EURYTUS, sons of NEPTUNE and MOLIONE; with whom he made war, to obtain the reward promised him by AUGEAS, and to revenge the loss of his army, which had been before cut to pieces by CTEATUS and EURYTUS; in which were slain his brother IPHICLES, and also TELAMON and CALCEDON.

Ver. 62. *The ALTIS' consecrated ground.]* The ALTIS was a grove near the OLYMPIC STADIUM, sacred to JUPITER; in which were placed the Statues of the OLYMPIC Conquerors. In WEST's Dissertation there is a particular account of it.

Ver.

Ver. 65. *Who, worship'd with the imperial train
Of high OLYMPUS, shares the sacrifice.]*

In the original it is,

Μετὰ δώδεκ' ἀνάντων θεῶν.

There were fix Altars erected by HERCULES, to twelve of the principal Gods: the first was dedicated to JUPITER and NEPTUNE; the second, to JUNO and MINERVA; the third, to MERCURY and APOLLO; the fourth, to BACCHUS and the GRACES; the fifth, to DIANA and ALPHEUS; the sixth, to SATURN and RHEA.

Ver. 85. *On the long STADIUM's even course.]* The Poet here gives the names of the Conquerors at the first institution of the OLYMPIC Games, in the fix different exercises, viz. the Foot Race; the Palé, or Wrestling; the Cæstus; the Chariot Race; Darting; and Throwing the Discus; all of which, with other exercises added afterwards, are accurately described in WEST's Dissertation on the OLYMPIC Games.

Ver. 112. *—form'd on DIRCE's brink—]* DIRCE was the name of a fountain near THEBES, supposed to have been wife to LYCUS, King of THEBES, and transformed into a fountain by JUPITER, after having been torn to pieces by horses, for her cruelty to ANTIOPE.

THE THIRTEENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

TO XENOPHON OF CORINTH, on his Victory in the
Stadic Course, and Pentathlon, at OLYMPIA.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet begins his Ode, by complimenting the family of XENOPHON, on their successes in the OLYMPIC Games, and their hospitality; and then celebrates their country, CORINTH, for it's good government, and for the quick genius of it's inhabitants, in the invention of many useful and ornamental Arts. He then implores JUPITER to continue his blessings on them, and to remain propitious to XENOPHON; whose exploits he enumerates, together with those of THESSALUS and PTÆODORUS, his father and grandfather. He then launches out again in praise of CORINTH and her Citizens, and relates the story of BELLEROPHON. He then, checking himself for digressing so far, returns to his Hero, relates his various successes in the inferior Games of GREECE, and concludes with a Prayer to JUPITER.

STROPHE

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearse the illustrious House's
Praise,

Thrice Victor in OLYMPIA's sportive war,
To friends and strangers open; let my lays
The fame of happy CORINTH bear afar:
Which as a gate to NEPTUNE's ISTHMUS stands, 5
Proud of her blooming youth and manly bands;
There, fair EUNOMIA, with her sister train
Blest PEACE and JUSTICE, hold their steady reign;
Who wealth and smiling ease on mortals shower,
From THEMIS' genial care drawing their natal
hour. 10

ANTISTROPHE I.

But bloated insolence and fell disdain
Far from their peaceful seats they drive away.
Now lovely deeds inspire my sounding strain,
And honest boldness swells my rising lay;
When

When native worth the generous bosoms feel, 15

'Tis hard the shining virtues to conceal.

CORINTH, on thee the blooming hours bestow

The envied wreaths from manly deeds that flow,

And teach thy dædal sons with careful heart,

First to explore the way of many a useful art. 20

E P O D E I.

Who bade the bullock sacred bleed

To BACCHUS in the DITHYRAMBIC Rite?

Who first with reins the generous steed

Directed in his rapid flight?

And bade the sculptur'd bird of Jove 25

The temple's massy roofs above,

For ever fix'd on either end,

His ornamental wings extend?

While the sweet MUSE her silver sounds inspires,

And MARS with glorious flame the warriors bosom

fires.

30

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

OLYMPIA'S honor'd Patron! potent Jove!
 Whose sovereign mandates o'er the world extend,
 O with propitious ear my strain approve,
 And, to fair CORINTH'S virtuous sons a friend,
 On XENOPHON let gales propitious breathe, 35
 And take with hand benign the victor wreath
 He won: surpassing, when on PISA'S shore,
 What mortal valor had perform'd before;
 The STADIC Course re-echo'd his renown,
 And with knit limbs he gain'd the PENTATHLETIC
 Crown. 40

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conspicuous on the trophied Course
 The ISTHMIAN Parsley graced his Victor brow;
 Nor NEMEA'S Cirque contemn'd the Hero's Force.—
 And where the sacred waves of ALPHEUS flow

His father THESSALUS the Olive wore 45
 By swiftneſs gain'd, and ſince on PYTHIA's ſhore,
 One ſun beheld his might, 'mid wondering eyes
 Obtain the STADIC, and DIAULIC Prize;
 And the ſame month, to grace his lovely brow,
 The third triumphal Wreath did ATTICA be-
 flow. 50

E P O D E II.

Seven times HELLOTIA crown'd his force,
 And ſince on ISTHMUS ſea-encircled plain,
 Victors in NEPTUNE's ſacred courſe,
 He and his Sire the Prize obtain.
 The ſwelling joy, the ſounding ſong, 55
 Still follow as they go along;
 What wreaths! what honors! too, they bore
 From PYTHIA's, and from NEMEA's ſhore!—

He who recounts their various crowns, as well
May number all the sands where ocean's billows
 fwell. 60

STROPHE III.

Some medium though will every praise beseech,—
Which 'tis the first of wisdom still to know.—
While, with no alien voice, the much-lov'd theme
The fame of CORINTH from my lips shall flow;
And I her Chiefs, and prudent Sires rehearse, 65
No sounds fallacious shall disgrace my verse:
There SISYPHUS arose, whose wiles could shine
With matchless force and lustre near divine;
MEDEA there, whom VENUS' flames inspire
The GRECIAN ship to save, and cheat her cruel
 fire. 70

ANTISTROPHE III.

When warr'd the GREEKS on PHRYGIA's hostile
strand,

On either side her sons embattled stood,
Though to bear HELEN from the ill-fated land;
Her warriors with the ATRIDÆ cross'd the flood;
Yet some, who those with vengeful spears repell'd 75
From CORINTH's race their honor'd lineage held,
For LYCIAN GLAUCUS to the ACHÆAN host
Trembling before his lance, would often boast
His fire's abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair PIRENE's waves enrich the fertile
plain. 80

EPODE III.

Who by the silver fountain's side
Much labor found, and much affliction knew,

While

While winged PEGASUS he tried
 MEDUSA's offspring to subdue;
 Till, sleeping on his native plains, 85
 MINERVA gave the golden reins;
 ' Awake, ÆOLIAN King! awake!
 ' This sacred gift with transport take;
 ' Shew it to NEPTUNE, potent God of steeds,
 ' While at his hallow'd Shrine the votive bullock
 bleeds.' 90

STROPHE IV.

The ÆGIS-bearing Maid MINERVA spoke,
 While midnight slumbers clos'd his heavy eyes;
 Straight from the dull embrace of sleep he broke,
 And seiz'd with eager hand the glittering prize:
 CÆRANUS' son he fought, the neighbouring Seer, 95
 And pour'd the wond'rous tidings in his ear;

That, as in awful PALLAS' holy Fane,
 Sleep o'er his temples spread her leaden reign,
 Before him stood confess'd the warlike Maid,
 And by his side at once the golden bridle laid. 100

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering Augur bade him straight obey
 Each mystic mandate of the dream divine ;
 To NEPTUNE first the votive bullock pay,
 Then to equestrian PALLAS rear a shrine :
 Beyond his hopes the Gods with favoring will 105
 The object of his wishes soon fulfil ;
 For brave BELLEROPHON, with joyful look,
 The sacred present of the Immortals took ;
 Threw it with ease about his arching head,
 And peaceful in his hand the ethereal courser
 led. 110

E P O D E IV.

Now, shining in refulgent arms,
The winged PEGASUS his limbs bestrode;
And, seeking war's severe alarms,
To AMAZONIA'S plains he rode;
And, 'midst the chilling reign of frost, 115
O'ercame the Female Archer-Host.
His arms CHIMÆRA'S flames subdued;
The dauntless SOLYMI he flew.—
I pass the death his cruel fate decreed,
When Jove's eternal stalls receiv'd the immortal
Steed. 120

S T R O P H E V.

While thus the shafts of harmony I throw,
Let me not aim too wide with erring hand;
The MUSES now command the strain to flow
To OLYGÆTHIDÆ'S triumphant band;

Recount the early praise and young renown, 125

On ISTHMUS' and on NEMEA's Cirque they won ;

In verse concise stupendous deeds display,

And with an oath confirm the wonderous lay ;

On either course alike their skill was fam'd,

For sixty Victor Wreaths the Herald's voice pro-

claim'd.

130

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their brows the OLYMPIC Olive graced,

To Fame already have my numbers given ;

What future crowns shall on their heads be placed,

Though we may hope, is only known to Heaven :

Yet if new strifes their genius bids them prove, 135

We trust the event to MARS, and mighty Jove.

Oft from PARNASSUS' heights the meed they bore

And ARGOS' fields, and THEBES' resounding

shore ;

And

And in LYCÆAN Jove's imperial Fane
Recorded stand their toils on fair ARCADIA's plain.

E P O D E V.

PELLENE's fields, and SYCION's coast; 141
MEGARA, and the ÆACIDES' domain;
ELEUSIS's cirque, and, Freedom's boast,
Fair MARATHON's triumphant plain;
Proud ÆTNA, and EUBŒA green, 145
Have their victorious trophies seen.
Through GRECIA's realms their large amount
Of wreaths, in vain the MUSE would count.—
Assist, immortal JOVE! my soaring lays,
And crown with honor'd ease my calm-revolving
days. 150

NOTES.

Ver. 1. — *the illustrious House,*

Thrice Victor in OLYMPIA's sportive war.]

The Poet here alludes to the several Prizes gained by XENOPHON, his father THESSALUS, and his grandfather PROEODORUS; all which are mentioned in the Ode, and not to three Prizes won by XENOPHON alone, as some Commentators have imagined, making Σταδίου δρόμῳ not to signify One Exercise, but Two. I leave the precise meaning of these words to be determined by those who are more curious in conjectures of this sort; but I think the Poet's intention is put out of all doubt by the expression οἶκον τρισυλμπιονίκων; which plainly relates to XENOPHON's family, and not to himself only.

Ver. 25. *And bade the sculptur'd bird of JOVE,*

The temple's massy roofs above,

For ever fix'd on either end,

His ornamental wings extend?]

This is rather an obscure passage, and relates to a particular ornament of the GRECIAN temple, viz. the Aëtoma, or figure of an Eagle placed there; the invention of which the Poet here ascribes to the CORINTHIANS. The Scholiast adds, it was called double, from it's form; or rather from their being one placed at each end of the temple; Δίδυμον δὲ φησὶν εἶναι διπλάτον αἰτώματι τὰ ὀπισθεν καὶ ἔμπροσθεν. SUDORIUS only differs from me by placing it within the temple; and perhaps he is in the right, as the word in the original is, ἐνθῆκε;

— *vel intra,*

Templa aquilæ speciem locavit?

I have seen a LATIN Comment on PINDAR, which supposes αἰτώμα to mean a part of the temple itself, and to be so called, from it's extending on each side as an eagle does

it's

it's wings. 'Sciendum est αἵτωμα locum & partem templi
 'fuisse, ita dictam quæ αἵτω etiam dicta est propterea quod
 'in modum aquilæ extendentis alas formata esset.' *Com-
 ment. in Pind. auctore Benedicto Aretio Bernensi*, p. 189. It
 will readily occur to the Reader, that a part of our Churches
 is now called the *ail*, from the same circumstance.

Ver. 37. *Surpassing, when on PISA's shore,
 What mortal valor had perform'd before;
 The STADIC Course re-echo'd his renown,
 And with knit limbs he gain'd the PENTATH-
 LETIC Crown.]*

The mention only of two Prizes here, confirms, I think,
 my opinion of the passage spoken of in the first Note. The
 PENTATHLON consisted of five different Exercises, viz.
 Leaping, Running, Quoiting, Darting, and Wrestling; thus
 expressed in a GREEK Epigram:

Ἰσθμια καὶ Πυθοὶ Διοφῶν ὁ Φίλων ἐνίκα,
 Ἄλμα, Ποδοκρίνον, Δίσκον, Ἀκρόβια, Πάλην.

Anthologia, l. i. cap. i. epig. 8.

What made it so extraordinary for the PENTATHLETE to
 succeed in any of the other exercises, was the great ap-
 plication, and strict and peculiar regimen, necessary to be
 observed in the attaining perfection in any one of the Gym-
 nastic Exercises; which care the PENTATHLETE was ob-
 liged to divide amongst so many. PLATO confirms this in
 his Ἐρασαί; where he makes SOCRATES answer to a person
 who affirms philosophy to consist in a general knowledge:
 Δοκεῖς γάρ μοι λέγειν οἷον ἐν τῇ ἀγωνίᾳ εἰσὶν οἱ Πένταθλοι πρὸς τὰς
 δρομίας, ἢ τὰς πελτασάς, καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνοι τῶν μὲν λείπονται κατὰ τὰ
 τέτων ἄλλα, καὶ δεύτεροι εἰσὶ, πρὸς τέτους τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἀθλητῶν,
 πρῶτοι, καὶ νικῶσιν αὐτοὺς. 'You seem to speak of a person
 'like the PENTATHLETE; who, when matched with a
 'Runner, or Darter, in their own particular exercises, is
 'always inferior, though he may be the first among the
 'other

‘ other Athletēs (i. e. *those of his own profession*,) and over-
 ‘ come them.’ LONGINUS has also a passage much to the
 same purpose; when, comparing HYPERIDES with DE-
 MOSTHENES, he mentions the various merits of the former,
 and says, ‘ He bears the second rank in almost every thing,
 ‘ like a PENTATHLETE, who, though he may be inferior
 ‘ to those who hold the first estimation in their several par-
 ‘ ticular exercises, yet excels all others of the same class
 ‘ with himself:’ Ὡς ὁ Πένταθλος, ὥς τῶν μὲν προτέρων ἐν ᾧ πᾶσι
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀγωνιστῶν λείπεσθαι, προτέρειν δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν.

Ver. 42. *The ISTHMIAN Parsley graced his Victor brow.*] The Prizes in the four sacred Games are enumerated in the following line :

Ἄθλα δὲ τῶν Κότιν, Μῆλα, Σέλινα, Πίτυς.

The latter of which, i. e. a Garland made of the leaves of the wild Pine, was the reward given in the ISTHMIAN Games. But PINDAR’s Scholiast informs us, that σέλινα, the Parsley, was also sometimes given at the ISTHMIAN Games, as well as the NEMEAN; only with this difference, that the ISTHMIAN Parsley was dried, and the NEMEAN green. The third Question of the fifth Book of PLUTARCH’S SYMPOSIACS, assigns the reasons for changing the Pine branch for the Parsley, and afterwards restoring the Pine again.

Ver. 48. — DIAULIC Prize.] The DIAULUS was a Foot Race, twice the length of the STADIC, consisting of Two Stadia, as that did of One Stadium.

Ver. 69. — MEDEA —]

ALOES, and AETES the father of MEDEA, were sons of APOLLO and ANTIOPE; and APOLLO gave ARCADIA to ALOES, and CORINTH to AETES; who, not being satisfied with his dominion, went and settled at COLCHIS in SCYTHIA.

Ver. 77. *For LYCIAN GLAUCUS to the ACHAIAN host,
Trembling before his lance, would often boast
His fire's abode, and wealth, and vast domain,
Where fair PIRENE's waves enrich the fertile
plain.]*

GLAUCUS was King of LYCIA, Great Great Grandson to BELLEROPHON; though PINDAR says Παῖρὸς ἀρχάν, κ. τ. λ. He was an ally of PRIAM's at the siege of TROY. In HOMER, he gives an account of his whole lineage, and the story of BELLEROPHON, at large, in his speech to DIOMÈDES, in the sixth ILIAD. It is too long to insert here.

Ver. 121. *While thus the shafts of harmony I throw.]* This is another instance of that manner of expression I have taken notice of in the Note upon the fifth line of the ninth Ode.

Ver. 124. *To OLIGÆTHIDÆ's triumphant band.]* The OLIGÆTHIDÆ were a tribe, or division of the people, at CORINTH, to which XENOPHON belonged. The Scholiast says, the number of their prizes was equal in each of the Games, viz. thirty in the ISTHMIAN, and thirty in the NEMEAN. Ἐξηκοτάκις γὰρ ἀμφότεροι τοῖς ἀγῶσι 'Ισθμίοις καὶ Νεμείοις ἀνεκυρήχθησαν οἱ Ὀλιγαίθιδαι, τριάκοντα ἐν ἰκάζῳ ἀγῶνι.

Ver. 137. *Oft from PARNASSUS' heights, &c.]* The Poet here, as in several of his other Odes, enumerates the exploits of his patron and his family, in those inferior festivals which were held in almost every city throughout GREECE; and where the same exercises were performed, though the prizes were not so honorable as in the four principal ones, viz. the OLYMPIC, PYTHIAN, NEMEAN, and ISTHMIAN; which were called, by way of eminence, sacred. A list of these festivals, with the occasion of them, and the places where they were held, may be found in the twentieth Chapter of the first Volume of *Potter's Grecian Antiquities*.

T W O
F R A G M E N T S
O F
P I N D A R ' s T H R E N I ,
PRESERVED BY PLUTARCH.

ON THE SITUATION OF THE BLEST.

WHILE fable night o'er mortal' heads
Her gloomy mantle silent spreads,

On them with undiminish'd blaze

Pours shining SOL his splendid rays.

When issuing from the polish'd dome

To tread the fragrant meads they roam,

Charming the eye, on every side

The rose displays it's purple pride ;

Each

Each bough with golden fruitage bends,
 Each flower a heavenly perfume sends.
 There some restrain the courser's fire,
 Some wake the soul-delighting lyre,
 While rapturous blifs, and thrilling joy,
 At once their every sense employ.
 Thick from the shining altars round
 Which frequent grace the hallow'd ground,
 The rolling clouds of incense rise,
 And waft their odors to the skies.

ON THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

'T IS friendly Death alone bestows
A refuge sure from human woes.

What though our mortal frames await

The inevitable stroke of Fate,

Given by the Gods, the immortal Mind

Unhurt, shall life eternal find :

Though oft when toil subdues the breast

Awhile she sink to silent rest,

Yet when in balmy sleep we lie

Around her active senses fly,

And clearly-boding dreams impart

Her judgment to the slumbering heart,

Which Bliss, fair Virtue's meed declare,

For Vice, the pangs of sad Despair.

A
GREEK SCOLION, OR SONG,
BY CALLISTRATUS,
ON HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON*.

IN myrtle wreaths my sword I bear,
As, fir'd by zeal, the illustrious pair
Conceal'd from view the avenging sword
The haughty Tyrant's breast that gor'd,
And ATHEN's equal rights restor'd.

Belov'd

* HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON, who are celebrated in this Scolion, slew HIPPARCHUS the Tyrant of ATHENS, in the PANATHENÆAN Festival; concealing their swords in the branches of myrtle that were carried on that occasion. This Song was in such request, as to be constantly sung at every Entertainment during the ATHENIAN Republic; in-somuch, that the saying, such a Person had never sung HARMODIUS with one, was equivalent to saying he never had eaten at one's house. The present BISHOP of LON-

Belov'd HARMODIUS! Death in vain
 O'er thee usurp'd a transient reign.
 Those happy Isles thy footsteps tread
 Where amaranthine flowers are shed
 On PELEUS' Son, and DIOMED.

In myrtle wreaths my sword I bear,
 As, fir'd by zeal, the illustrious pair
 Their patriot weapons veil'd from fight,
 When in MINERVA's solemn rite
 HIPPARCHUS sunk to endless night.

DON, in his Prelections on the Sacred Poesy of the HEBREWS, partly imputes the effectual expulsion of the PISISTRATIDÆ to the popularity of this Song. The last instance the ATHENIANS gave of their Democratical Spirit, was the erecting the Statues of BRUTUS and CASSIUS, by those of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON.

Eternal

Eternal glory's deathless meed
Shall, lov'd HARMODIUS, crown thy deed,
And brave ARISTOGEITON's sword,
Because the Tyrant's breast ye gor'd,
And ATHENS' equal rights restor'd.

A

FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

DANAË, with her infant Son PERSEUS, was exposed in a * Vessel to the fury of the waves, by order of her Father ACRISIUS.

AS on the well-fram'd Vessel's side
 Impetuous pours the stormy tide,
 Aloud the furious whirlwinds sound,
 And foaming surges break around,
 DANAË, while tears her cheek bedew,
 Her Arm around her Infant threw,

* The word in the original is *Λάβραξ*, a Coffer, Chest, or Case. I have rendered it by the general term Vessel, as it must necessarily have been made for the purpose to which it was applied. Mr. BRYANT supposes it to allude to the Ark of NOAH. See *Analys.* Vol. II. p. 66. Mr. B. GREENE entertains some doubt of the antiquity of the Poem from the word *Λάβραξ*, but it occurs twice in the ILLAD.

And, ‘ ah!’ she cried, ‘ what weight of woe

‘ This wretched breast is doom’d to know,

‘ Yet calm my helpless babe you lie,

‘ And balmy slumber seals your eye,

‘ Hush’d in this drear abode you sleep

‘ Amid the horrors of the deep,

‘ Now by the moon reveal’d to sight,

‘ Now wrapp’d in shades of gloomy night,

‘ Nor heed the howling waves that spread

‘ Tremendous o’er your shelter’d head.

‘ In your warm robe you lie reclin’d

‘ Regardless of the raging wind.

‘ If all these fears to you were fear

‘ My words would pierce your infant ear;

‘ But still may Sleep’s oblivious hand

‘ O’er you extend it’s influence bland,

‘ And

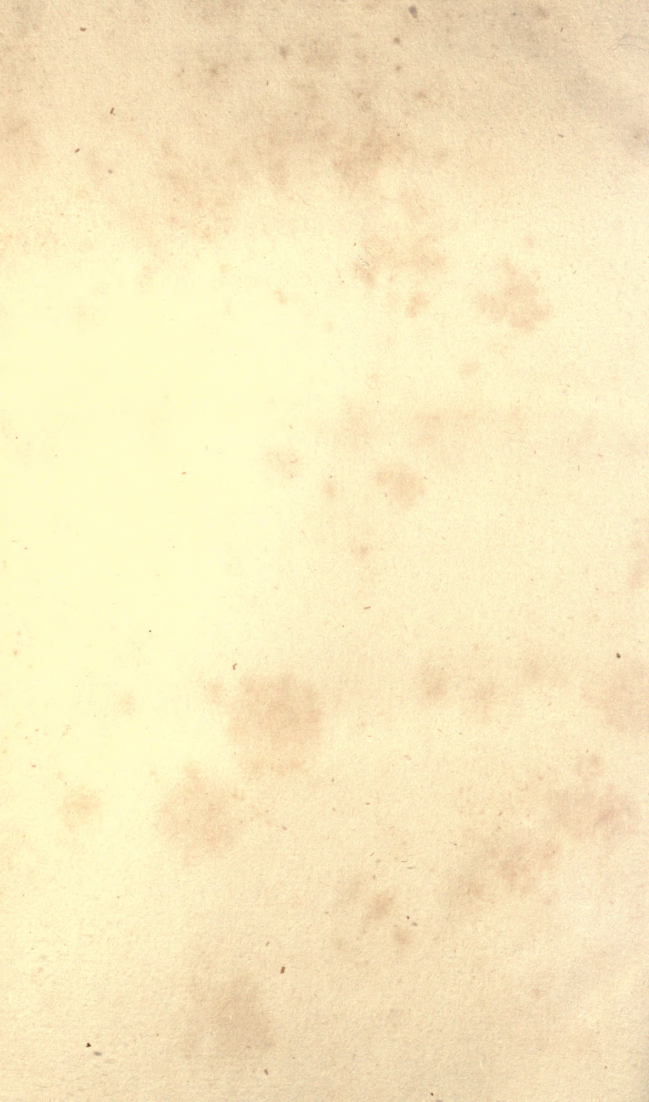
- ‘ And O! may Slumber’s placid reign
 ‘ Lull the rude tempest of the main,
 ‘ Bid the dread scene of terror cease,
 ‘ And give my tortur’d bosom peace.’

END OF VOL. I.











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